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The Sketch

No. 2148.—Vol. CLXV. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOUSTON ROGERS.

A HOSTESS IN HERSELF.

LADY MARGUERITE BLIGH, the beautiful daughter of the Earl of Darnley, will celebrate her twenty-first birthday this month. She is one of the young society girls who act as hostesses at the Café de la Paix.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

BORES.

To be a bore, it has been said, is the unforgivable sin. A man does not mind—sometimes it rather flatters him—being considered unscrupulous, ill-favoured, immoral, Philistine, malicious, cruel, sinister, or, indeed, almost anything you like (or dislike) : but the suspicion that he is *dull* is what he cannot tolerate in any circumstances, for it strikes at the very root of his self-esteem. Most of us would just as soon confess to being bores as to having no sense of humour. (Very often the two things are identical.) There are millions of bores in the world, and probably there is not one of them who realises that he or she is a bore. You and I, gentle reader, must have had an alarming suspicion from time to time that certain people have found us tedious—for we may be quite certain that if we find others boring, they must sometimes find *us* boring. The thought has been a shock to us ; we dismiss it instantly, for we could not decently admit that there was the least possible grain of truth in it. It was always the other fellow's fault. We simply dare not believe that it could be otherwise. No, in this imperfect world, where all of us have a somewhat precarious hold on our fellow-creatures, we simply dare not be dull ; for dullness is social death.

And yet boredom is generally a mutual affair. As often as not, people are uninteresting to us, not because they lack interest, but because we have not the insight, or will not take the trouble, to discover how, and why, they are interesting. Some fortunate mortals have the gift of " drawing out " others, and are never bothered by bores, because nobody is ever uninteresting to them. No doubt this is largely a natural talent, which is much to be envied, but it is also, to a great extent, a matter of taking trouble. Most of us are shamefully slack about these things. We are, perhaps, not feeling at our best ourselves, and if we meet a difficult, or apparently difficult, person, we are simply not going to be bothered to make an effort. How often has one seen parties ruined and hostesses desolated by this social laziness ! Or else, because we do not immediately establish that easy relationship which is known among low, vulgar persons as clicking, we are too shy or too detached to persevere. Or else we become piqued, and jolly-well don't see why we should go on trying if the other person won't try—whereas the other person, poor devil, is sometimes going through perfect agonies of trying. In England, more than any country in the world, people will not be bothered about these little obligations, which, if life is to run smoothly, all we frail mortals owe each other. In England we don't even take the trouble to catch the names of people to whom we are introduced, and, to be candid with ourselves, we are often quite indifferent whether they are Smith, Jones, or Robinson. We talk to them about things which matter to neither of us, and a week later we hardly know them if we pass them in the street.

It follows that there are not so many bores in the world as we, in our uncharity, are apt to think. Still, there are a great many, and they are of rich variety. Their boring quality nearly always springs from the same origin—they ignore the fact, or they have never grasped the fact, that every social contact must be one of reciprocity. Nearly all bores are tedious because they forget that what is interesting to them is not necessarily interesting to anybody else, or because they forget that, however important, amusing, or brilliant they may be, others like to feel that they also come into the picture somewhere. A wise man always tries to remember that, in most human relationships, there is a competition of vanities ; and social skill consists largely in timely and judicious surrender of one's own vanity to that of others.

The fellow who is always talking about himself is the obvious case of the one-sider, and he is probably the most intolerable type of bore. It is a temptation from which we all suffer to bring the conversation back to our own experience—for that, after all, is what we can talk about with most knowledge ; but it is a temptation to be strenuously resisted, and we constantly need to remind ourselves how very much less interesting we are to others than they are to themselves. It may seem almost incredible to us, but it is so ! To take another type, there is the conversation-monopolist, who, however well he may talk, is always a bore. Even Macaulay tired his listeners, who complained that he had " no flashes of brilliant silence." This kind of chatterer is always talking to a room, not to a person ; if he is far gone in his vice, you will even see his eyes darting to right and left to see whether others are listening. This is a habit almost as detestable, and quite as destructive of real conversation, as that of never looking your interlocutor in the eyes. Then there is the reminiscer ; heavens, how carefully we must all be on our guard, as we grow older, against our own reminiscences ! The anecdotist, again, is notorious — and incorrigible. One should be thankful for the kind of memory — and fortunately most of us possess it — which does not retain half the stories it hears ; for it seems impossible for flesh and blood to resist the temptation of the " good story," and if your mind is stuffed with them (as some minds are), they seem to leave little room for anything else. Many and virulent are the other kinds of bores ; and though it may not always be possible to suffer them gladly, yet, since we do have to suffer them, we may as well do so as gladly as possible—in the hope that they will return the courtesy.

"THE SKETCH'S" SPECIAL PRINTS.

Owing to Easter, we are not giving one of our special silver series of film favourites in this issue. With our next number, dated April 4, we shall present a portrait of

MISS GINGER ROGERS.

Just to remind you, we began our very popular and original silver series with studies of the Misses Jean Harlow, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford, in blue and silver. On December 27 we began a new series in black and silver with a portrait of Miss Norma Shearer, and continued with studies of the Misses Constance Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Ruth Chatterton, Mae West, Katharine Hepburn, Madeleine Carroll, Jessie Matthews, Elisabeth Bergner, Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, Janet Gaynor and Lilian Harvey.

THE OLDER LADY: " And so, my dear, it's to be trade after all. It's the Canning Business you're marrying, isn't it ? "

THE YOUNGER ONE: " Yes, and I'm marrying the tin, too."

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

CONVERSATION PIECE — WHEN THREE IS COMPANY.

This study of the HON. MRS. SOMERSET MAXWELL and her sons is the exception to the rule that two's company, three's none. Mrs. Maxwell was Miss Susan Roberts, and married Lord Farnham's elder son in 1930. She has two sons, BARRY OWEN SOMERSET MAXWELL and SIMON KENLIS MAXWELL, the elder born in 1931 and the younger dating from last December. The dogs are important members of the Somerset Maxwell household, too.

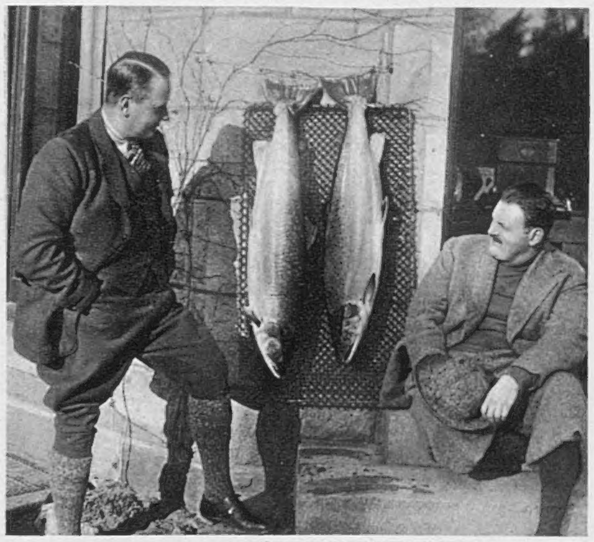
"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

"Fly-Fishing for Duffers."

Within the past fortnight a little book has been published which fills a gap hitherto unperceived by angling authors. Unlike many of the old angling writers, who made extravagant claims to teach the most ignorant beginners to become perfect artists in angling in a short time, the author of "Fly-Fishing for Duffers" claims to be a duffer himself, and writes sympathetically for other duffers. He tells how to circumvent all the little troubles and difficulties which bewilder the fumble-fingered, short-sighted, but optimistic duffer whose peace and enjoyment while fishing is rudely shattered when perchance he happens to hook a fish. For the angler who takes up fishing somewhat late in life, this little book will prove a god-send. It is written in humorous fashion and is embellished with half-a-dozen "serious illustrations" by H. M. Bateman.

Mystery of the Cambridge Pike-Perch.

Last week, when referring to the capture of an 11¾-lb. pike-perch by a Cambridge angler in the River Delph, at Welney, I suggested that it might have found its way into this country with some black bass fry. This was the only way I could account for its presence, assuming Dr. Worthington to be correct in classing it as of American origin. Obviously, no one would attempt to import a consignment of pike-perch from America when they can be obtained far more easily from the Continent. Dr. Worthington, when writing to me about the occurrence of pike-perch in this country, mentioned that he has found out that Dr. Charles Searle, who was President of the Ouse and Cam Fishery Board for some years, introduced two or three score of fish, supposed to be black bass, into the river near which the pike-perch was taken. This is an unexpected confirmation of my theory. The fish were put in seven or eight years ago and Dr. Worthington reckons the 11¾-lb. pike-perch to be about seven or eight years old. I know nothing of the growth rate of pike-perch, but a weight of 11¾ lb. in seven or eight years is more rapid growth than pike would make even under favourable conditions.



This FINE PAIR OF SALMON were caught on the Woodend and Blackhall Waters, Deeside, on March 10, by Mr. J. W. Simms and Mr. J. Miles. They weighed 27 lb. and 25 lb. respectively.

A Fine Avon Pike.

During the past coarse-fishing season the Avon, at Christchurch, has produced a number of fine specimens. Mr. F. W. K. Wallis landed a record barbel, 14 lb. 8 oz., last September, and several other big barbel up to 14 lb. 3 oz. and a chub of 6 lb. 5 oz. have been caught. The last noteworthy specimen was taken on March 12, a splendid pike weighing 26 lb. 14 oz. being killed by Mr. C. A. Taylor. His friend Mr. F. E. Watkin informs me he is inclined to lean towards my theory of a big bait for a big pike, but in this case the theory was at a discount, as the bait used was a small dace weighing, probably, 3 oz. The pike was 3 ft. 11 in. in length and appeared to be in excellent condition.

Looking Back on the 1933-34 Coarse-Fishing Season.

Referring to the fine specimens taken from the Avon at Christchurch during the coarse-fishing season just ended, reminds me that someone asked me if it was a fact that the season had been poor owing to the drought. On the spur of the moment it is not easy to sum up whether a season has been good, bad, or indifferent unless it has been definitely so. With some misgiving, I replied that, on the whole, the season had been fairly good and the drought had not affected coarse-fishing to the same extent as salmon- and trout- fishing. Later, I spent some time looking out facts and figures, and these confirm my hasty impression.

The early part of the season was good. On the Broads, during July and August, anglers enjoyed some of the best sport obtained for years. Bream were caught by the stone and some very heavy bags were made on Hickling Broad and on Eel's Foot Broad, Ormesby. In six days' fishing on Filby Broad, Mr. Andrews had the remarkable score of 320 lb. of bream and a pike of 10½ lb. The main effect of the drought, as the rivers dropped lower and lower, was the curious change in the feeding habits of the fish. Those anglers who were sufficiently observant found the fish had shifted their usual quarters and feeding-times. No doubt this was due to the fish seeking better oxygenated water, as trout are known to do when the temperature of the water rises. The fact remains that anglers who studied the altered conditions were moderately successful.

Three New Records Set Up.

Although a few big fish do not constitute a good season, it is interesting to recall that, in addition to the record barbel caught by Mr. Wallis, the Rev. E. C. Alston landed a record rudd of 4½ lb. and a tench of 7 lb., which equals the fifty-year-old record. Then there was the record bream of 12 lb. 14 oz. caught in Tring Reservoir by the Pugh Brothers. The same reservoir yielded other bream of 12 lb., 10½ lb., 10 lb. 7 oz., and 9 lb. 14 oz.; and a fine brace of pike, 23 lb. and 21 lb. Another splendid brace of pike, 30 lb. 2 oz. and 20 lb., were recorded from the Wye; and one of 28¾ lb. was caught in Lake Bala. Plenty of roach over 2 lb. were taken, but one of 2½ lb. from Molesey Reservoir deserves special mention. Perch were also well to the front with two outsize specimens, one of 4 lb. 1 oz. being caught in Knipton Reservoir, Leicester, and one of 4 lb. in the Avon at Fordingbridge, by Mrs. H. T. Lubbock. Perhaps it would be more strictly accurate to say the season was good in parts.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

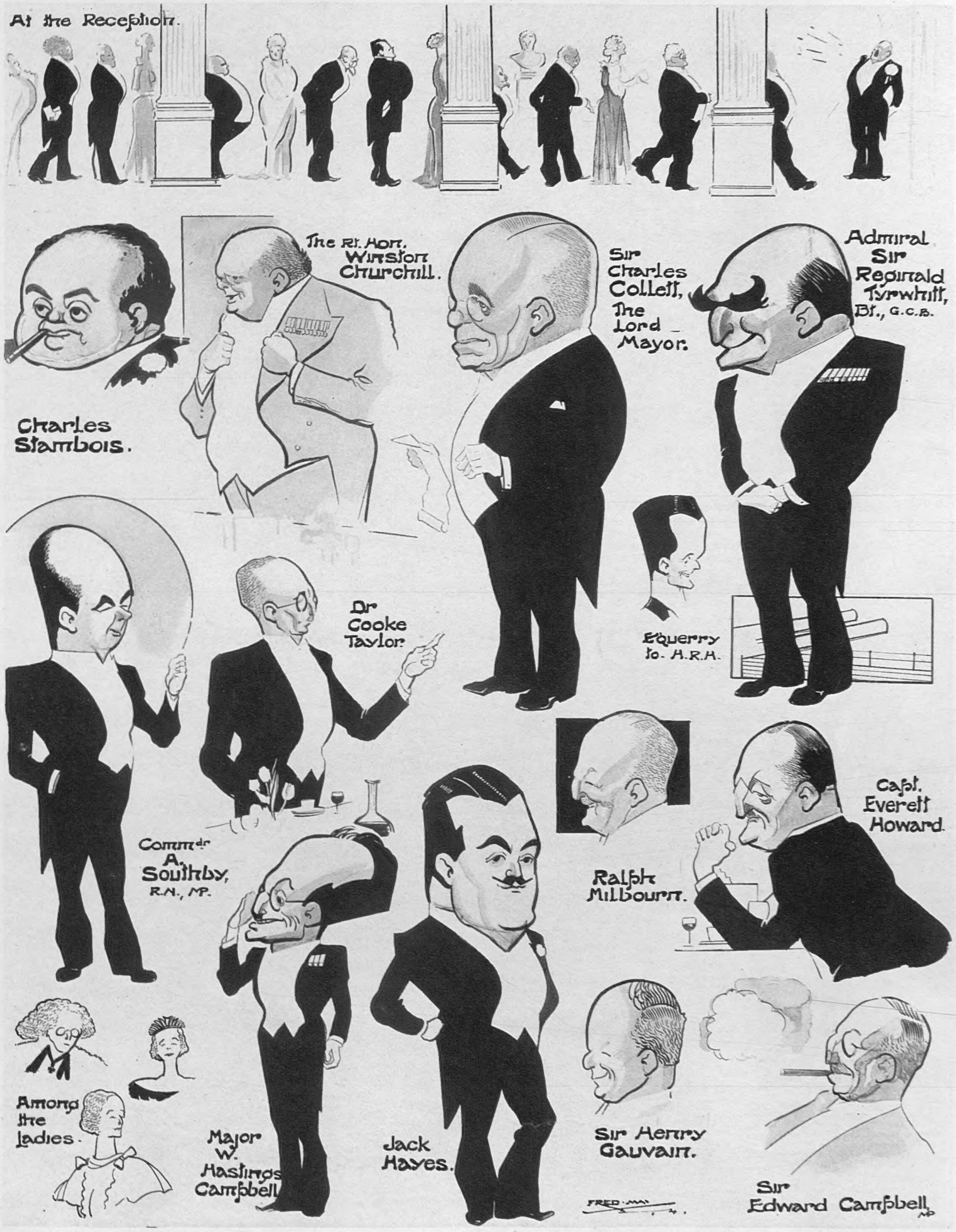
A brown trout of 8½ lb. was taken on minnow by Mr. T. J. Davies on the Teify at Newcastle-Emlyn Bridge.

Good catches of trout are being made on the Usk. Several anglers have had from six to nine brace apiece.

The largest salmon caught so far this season was killed on the Fownhope Water, River Wye. It weighed 48 lb., and was a magnificent fish.

R. L. MARSTON.

The GERMAN IDEA OF TUNNY-FISHING is illustrated by the photograph below. In our issue of March 7, Mr. Marston quoted a German correspondent's impression of the Pisciculture Exhibition in Berlin. He described the tunny-fishing exhibit in detail, the "Hard-stretched but calm fisherman," "the rounded rod with the Pfleuger reel," and so on. Seeing this account in "The Sketch," Messrs. Hardy Bros. sent Mr. Marston a photograph of the actual exhibit. They point out that the reel is a "Hardy Zane Grey" which they lent to the exhibition. Tunny-anglers will be amazed at this leaping tunny—such tactics are unknown in the North Sea, at any rate!



THE EX-SERVICES WELFARE SOCIETY BANQUET.

The Duke of York presided at a banquet given at the Mansion House last week in support of an appeal on behalf of the Ex-Services Welfare Society, whose H.Q. is at 53, Victoria Street, S.W.1. This Society does wonderful work in assisting the large number of mental sufferers from the war; and it urgently requires funds. Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt, one of the most distinguished naval commanders of the Great War, is the President. He is expert at making miniature furniture, which is sold for the benefit of the Society. Commander A. J. R. Southby and Mr. Jack Hayes, the former Labour M.P. and Vice-Chamberlain of H.M. Household in 1930, are Vice-Presidents. Mr. Winston Churchill made the appeal; and the Lord Mayor was able to announce that £5749 had been collected during the dinner.

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

"THE SKETCH" REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The seventh of our special Reviews of the Week continues the pictorial record of events as viewed by the merry, and slightly quizzical, eye of our artist. Sport, the famous new "Clergyman's" hat for Miss 1934, and other burning topics of the day have inspired her pen.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY JOYCE DENNYS.

GRAND MILITARY MILLINERY: THE HATS THEY WENT RACING IN.

1. *LADY MOIRA COMBE —in a " clergyman's felt."*
2. *MISS DIANA CLARKE —in a " Breton sailor."*
3. *MISS DIANA LAMBTON —in an off-the-forehead model.*
4. *LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE—in a turned-up brim.*
5. *MISS FITZGERALD —in a peaked woollen cap.*
6. *The HON. JOAN MILNE —in a velvet béret.*
7. *LADY CHICHESTER —in a " pancake " shape.*
8. *LADY PATRICIA MACKAY—with a turned-up brim.*
9. *LADY WARRENDER—in a big-brimmed felt "vagabond" hat.*

MRS. JOHN SPENCER, very smart in a flecked three-quarter-length coat over a matching dress, had huge fox epaulettes for warmth at Sandown. She is the only child of Sir Reginald Clark.

That "blown-back" look, which is so fashionable, characterised MISS VIOLET DE WORMS' sailor hat for the Grand Military. To the right is MRS. JOHN TAYLOR, who was Miss Grant Richards. She is spending Easter at Le Touquet.

MRS. FERGUS FORBES, wife of Major Forbes, Coldstream Guards, was Miss Dorothea Staveley-Hill. She is inevitably smart, and went to the Grand Military in a grey felt sailor hat to match a woollen suit, but furs could not be left out of the picture!

LONDON ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

SANDOWN on the opening day of the Grand Military was so bitterly cold that the ladies' cloak-room was crowded for a nice, cosy gossip. The most popular of these retiring rooms adjoins the paddock, and unless you arrive in good time space runs out and "luggage" has to be lugged to the Members' Stand. We found attractive Mrs. Peter Wiggin (Margaret Livingstone-Learmonth) attempting to remove a mote or beam from her own eye, most unsuccessfully. Through a sea of mackintoshes, and what used to be called extra "wraps," there are glimpses of Lady Napier in scarlet, Jean Underdown, Mrs. Cuthbert Stewart, Miss Molly McCann, the Misses Rita Carr-Ellison and Betty Ewing, etc., all booting and spurring and wishing they'd brought additional jerseys and scarves, so cruel was our English spring on this military occasion.

MISS SHEELAGH MORRISON-BELL (left) daughter of the Hon. Lady Morrison-Bell, and MISS ROSEMARY ROBERTSON, daughter of the late Colonel Robertson, Black Watch, are seen at Sandown. Miss Robertson is to be one of Miss Angela Brett's bridesmaids. Her spring coat was of pale green and beige.

Mrs. Cecil Brownhill's spring suit is lined with fur, which shows her opinion of the climate. Lady Belper, accompanied by her step-daughter, Miss Lavinia Strutt, one of the "certainties" among débutantes, clung to her khaki coat. There were minks and minks and minxes. Of the former, Mrs. McCliff's was excellent, with a very modern tie and no collar; but Mrs. John Gilroy's looked a better colour than any—beautifully selected pelts. She also wore a matching hat and scarf of grey woollen, with brightly coloured sprigs cropping up at intervals—very smart. Mrs. Lex Wilson maintained her dress reputation; Lady Warrender even exceeded hers in a big pink felt hat. She was the first to wear country hats with brims of summer width, and none of the copy-cats look as well. Very satisfactory. Lady Warrender's personality is plus a little kindness some others haven't got. She makes you feel everything you do and say is tremendously important and vitally interesting, and, unlike some "kind" people, she's also gay and full of humour, untinged with malice—almost a paragon.

We saw Lady Sibell Lygon saying "hullo" to Mrs. John Spencer, whose smart tweed was too thin for the paddock breezes, and Lady Morrison-Bell with her daughter, both popular among both generations. Miss Sheelagh Morrison-Bell is much handsomer than some of her contemporaries who have had much more publicity. Perhaps the best turned-out girl was Miss Rosemary Robertson in a buff and light-green patterned overcoat, beautifully cut. She goes out and about a lot and is the daughter of one of the most popular officers the Black Watch ever had—the late Frank Robertson. Other soldier people were the Somerset Hopkinsons, he taking a day off from the Staff College, where the "brains of the Army" know few relaxations (communicated), General Stephens, General Wheatley (car-searching in that nightmare park), and Colonel Gordon Ramsay, who has one of the most interesting miniature museums I have ever met. He devotes a whole room in his home to Cameron relics. There are books on the regiment, prints, pictures, medals (from Waterloo to Mons, also before and after), weapons, souvenirs, and so on. Military historians and regimental cronies let out shouts of delight. I liked best the very frivolous coloured print from Paris of two Cameron Highlanders passing the time of day in the Rue de la Paix (poetry), and the beautiful faded tartan ribbon of an eighteenth-century medal. Faded tartan is so much more æsthetic than the brand-new product, as worn by English lairds, just as distant bagpipes have savage allure, while a piper marching round the dinner-table arouses savage loathing in the diners, whatever their nationality. Distance lends enchantment to the ear as well as the eye.

Returning to our race-horses, Mr. Taylor took a nasty toss on Pamela, which we backed heavily, of course. To win another race that day was a good performance, as his cousin, Somerset Hopkinson, reported him rather shaken, though loudly denying it! Eyeing expertly in the paddock were Mr. Pelham Puckle and his daughter Diana, who seemed anxious to purchase a 'chaser against parental advice, and Miss Rosario Scrope with

Lady Brigid King-Tenison, who says her whole name is constantly misspelt—so printers beware. I suppose if a popularity vote were taken of "Lady Regulars," Miss Scrope would be in the first three. Her circle of friends is enormous, she has absolutely no affectations, and is sporting in the true sense of this abused word. There have been sporting Scropes since Yorkshire got on the map, so it 's pleasant to find one still on the map.

DRESS NOTES. Mrs. Smith-Bingham had the perfect pair of shoes—low-heeled chestnut-brown suède, with some brogueing and laced up. Mrs. Rutland's chestnut-brown felt hat was more suitable than some of the freak spring creations, though Mrs. Brownhill's taffetas had gaiety value, and Miss Betty Homan's grey crocheted hat, with a big brim, got a lot of jealous looks. Lady Rachel Howard, Mrs. Reggie Garnett, Mrs. Roland Lawrence, Mrs. John Taylor, Mrs. Fergus Forbes, Mrs. "Pat" Stewart with her Colonel, Mrs. Fanshawe and husband, Mrs. Charles Graham, accompanied by a Garrard twin (Pam); Mrs. Bertie Stern, in a beautiful jungle coat; Miss Primrose Salt, Mr. Bertie Deuchar, without his Pam, who is enjoying Nassau with the Heatons, but returns in time to holiday at Estoril with her sister Zara (one long holiday—lucky girls); the Nigel Blomefields, Lord Rosebery, and Mrs. Mark Johnstone, were some of those visible to the naked eye. Both days were crowded, and the car park would have presented a tragically congested appearance were it not one of the best jokes in British racing.

Although there are actually two gates in the main park, cars can only exit from one, and it 's a difficult angle for anything longer than a bath on wheels. If Sandown were "remodelled" we should have nothing left to grumble at—which would be disaster.

This earnest newshound managed to cover the Boat Race as well—don't ask how. On board the *Stellita Mia*, a 35-foot speed-boat belonging to the young Geoffrey Charleses (she was Stella Garrard, cousin of those twins), there were excellent refreshments, cheerful company, and a wonderful view. Mrs. Charles uses her blue-and-white craft as a "river-taxi," and lives not far from the pier where *Stellita Mia* is moored. It all sounds very A.P.H. and Thames-minded, also heavenly for heat-waves.

MIXED NEWS. Mrs. Ffennell's morning sherry-party, before an earnest committee meeting, took place at the Hill Street house she has taken. The hostess received in purple and foxes, assisted by her cousin, Princess John de Mahé, who makes a most efficient honorary secretary. I left the committee sitting round like model schoolgirls, making notes and planning parties for their dance.

The French Exhibition at Tooth's is one of the most attractive small collections ever assembled. There 's a South of France landscape by Derain we would like to "do a Mona Lisa with" and a gorgeous Matisse nude which appealed to Mrs. George Calvocoressi.

MISS BETTY EWING and MISS RITA CARR-ELLISON are seen at all the North Country and Border racing fixtures. They were together at Sandown.

MRS. CECIL BROWNHILL, whose husband, needless to say, was riding, came to Sandown in a small, short-brimmed hat made of taffetas in a plaid pattern.

(Below) The gayest hat and scarf at the Grand Military were worn by MRS. JOHN GILROY, whose mink coat was an excellent note. She is the wife of Captain John Gilroy, who used to be in the 9th.

(Below) MRS. SOMERSET HOPKINSON was watching events at Sandown. Her husband is in the 60th, and is at present at the Staff College. She was Miss Josephine Addison.

THE "HEARTIES" AS DANCING MEN:

The RUGGER BALL was held after the International match for the Calcutta Cup. MR. P. DUNKLEY, the Captain of the Harlequins, is dancing with MISS V. CANNING, in this snapshot of the festivity.

MISS MOLLY SULLIVAN and MISS F. HURST were snapped at the CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB BALL.

MR. R. J. LONGLAND, who played for England, partnered MISS TEARLE at the Rugger Ball.

MR. R. C. S. DICK, who played for Scotland, was snapped chatting to MISS FAITH at the Rugger Ball.

(Left) MR. B. C. GADNEY, Captain of the English fifteen, was photographed with MR. G. J. DEAN, an Army scrum-half, at the Rugger Ball.

MISS FRANKLAND and MR. G. W. C. MEIKLE, one of the English fifteen, are seen at the Rugger Ball, where many famous football players and their friends assembled.

MR. A. E. P. ROBINSON, LADY BETTY BUTLER, SIR HOWARD D'EGVILLE, MISS TODD, and CAPTAIN CLARE SMITH are seated at supper at the Eve of the Boat-Race Ball.

RUGGER, BOAT-RACE, AND BOAT CLUB BALLS.

This group at the Cambridge University Boat Club Ball consists of MR. BUTLER MADDEN, MISS JOAN PARK, MR. R. C. HUTCHINSON, MISS R. CALMETTES, MR. PATTRICK, MISS BARRY, MISS K. HENLEY, MR. R. W. McDOWALL, MISS B. CUTHBERTSON, and MR. WATERLOW (l. to r.).

MR. J. W. FORREST, one of the English Rugger team, dancing with MISS MORGAN at the Rugger Ball.

MISS DOROTHY HYSON was one of the many pretty girls at the Eve of the Boat-Race Ball.

MISS M. HILL is shown at the Rugger Ball with MR. C. D. AARVOLD, the Blackheath and former England player.

MISS PHOEBE HOUSTON-DAVIDSON and MR. TREADWELL, Scots Guards, were guests at the Eve of the Boat-Race Ball.

(Left) MISS ROSEMARY WITCHURCH, DR. ARTHUR PORRITT and a friend were guests at the Eve of the Boat-Race Ball.

THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

No. IX. ALEXANDER KORDA.

With this series "The Sketch" lifts the veil on the worst moments in the lives of some distinguished persons. MR. ALEXANDER KORDA, the very well-known film-director, who is known as the MAN WHO PUT ENGLISH FILMS ON THE MAP, is the ninth to go into the "confessional."

"WELL, good-night, Mr. Korda. Thank you very much for showing us the picture. It was very interesting." Alexander Korda stood speechless, fingering his tie nervously, while the specially privileged audience which had just witnessed a "pre-view" of "The Private Life of Henry VIII." filed out of the small private theatre.

"'Very interesting'!" he echoed, as the last person disappeared; then, rounding on me, "What's the matter with them? Why didn't they laugh?"

I tried to reassure him. "Don't worry. It'll be a different story altogether when the ordinary public sees it."

"Think so?" Alexander Korda's fingers were still fidgeting with his tie.

And indeed, on the face of it, he had reason to be nervous. He had just shown the film to about thirty "super-highbrows," most of whom were just on the borderline of Debrett, which was certainly not an ideal audience. They had been far too busy watching each other's reactions to bother about the film. What the public thought of it has since become history.

"But why should they look at me as if I was made of dirt? Was my tie crooked?" Alexander Korda burst out.

"No."

"Well, is it the wrong colour? Is it loud or vulgar or something?"

I assured him that his tie was neither crooked nor vulgar. On the contrary, it was of a subdued colour and in the best of taste.

"But why all this anxiety about your tie?" I continued.

Alexander Korda laughed suddenly. "It's become a complex with me. Ties have been the subjects of several awful moments for me . . . All right, all right, I'll tell you—I'd have to in the end."

He settled himself in an arm-chair which the fiercest and most disapproving highbrow had sat in a few moments before.

"Well, you probably know what a martyr everyone in Hollywood is to publicity. Even the number of hairs on one's head seems to be news out there.

"When I arrived in Hollywood I had more than my share of reporters buzzing round me. As a Hungarian I was picked out for special attention and accused of being a nobleman of some kind.

"It was impossible to convince them that it was possible to come from Hungary and yet be plain Mr. Korda.

"In fact, things got to such a pitch that one day I read an article about myself which blatantly ignored what I had said, referring to me as Count von Korda, and, above all, to my horror, publishing a coat of arms, which I recognised at once. *It belonged to the Bourbons.*

"Even the managing director of my firm seemed to think that I was not co-operating, and said he thought I ought to be more Continental. In fact, he made me a present of a tie, which he said would give me 'atmosphere.'

"I wish you could have seen that tie. It was the brightest, most appalling green you could possibly imagine."

Alexander Korda lit a cigar.

"Well, about a week after I'd arrived in Hollywood, one evening I got a telephone message from my managing director, to say that he was very anxious for my wife and me to see a certain film that evening at the Chinese cinema.

"My wife and I were not very keen to go out that evening, but after all the things that had been said about co-operation I thought it would be better to go. In addition, with a misplaced diplomacy, I put on the monstrous green tie.

"But just as we approached the theatre I began to feel that there was something wrong. The sidewalk was crammed with people watching everybody arrive. Suddenly, as we drove up, there was a roaring sound somewhere above us and my wife and I heard our names being bellowed out.

"We fled inside, only to stop dead at the entrance to the vestibule. The place was full of people in the most immaculate evening dress. My wife, wearing a tweed coat and skirt, and I with my green tie, had barged into a violently smart Hollywood première.

"There was no escape; we had to see the film through. What it was about I never really knew: I was only conscious of a flash of green underneath my nose among a sea of beautifully starched shirts and white ties. My wife was equally miserable, fidgeting with her skirt the whole time, and looking furiously at me and at the ermine that was being worn around her.

"At the end of the picture a spotlight began darting about the auditorium, picking out celebrity after celebrity, who was then forced to go up on to the stage and bow.

"'Quick, let's go!' my wife said to me, and we rose to fly; but we had barely moved when the spotlight picked on us. There was no help for it. Up we had to go on the stage.

"If ever I prayed for a sudden death it was then. All around us there was a glistening aura of tiaras, and there were we in the middle of it, exposed to brilliant lighting from arc-lamps, looking like a couple of tramps. My green tie caught the light wonderfully. It glistened like a bay leaf and proclaimed its frightful colour to the world.

"There were headlines about that tie in next morning's papers." Alexander Korda chuckled. "You know the sort of thing—'Hungarian Director Flaunts Hollywood Convention.' 'Alexander Korda Wears Green Tie at White-Tie Première.' . . ."

Alexander Korda took a pull at his cigar.

"About two weeks later I received an invitation from the Californian Association of Newspapermen to be the guest of honour at a dinner.

"This time my wife and I were taking no risks. We put on everything we could think of. My wife especially let herself go in the matter of diamonds; while I spent a long time adjusting a new white silk scarf which I was anxious to try out. We were determined to show Hollywood how *chic* we could be when we tried.

"Imagine my feelings when the President of the Association greeted us in shirt-sleeves! And so was everybody else.

"The President grinned at me as I removed my scarf, and said, 'Well, Mr. Korda, we tried to keep pace with you in the matter of dress, but I guess you're right ahead of us all the time.' He turned to the others: 'Boys, take your ties off.' With that, he ripped his own neck-tie off, and everyone did the same."

Alexander Korda flicked the ash from his cigar.

"I naturally felt very embarrassed, and almost instinctively my hand went up to my collar. It was then I realised that I was in full evening dress, *but had forgotten my white bow.*" CYRIL BUTCHER.

MR. ALEXANDER KORDA, the London Film Production director, who is famous for his great Tudor picture "The Private Life of King Henry VIII.," is the ninth to disclose his secret in "THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE SERIES" for the benefit of "Sketch" readers. His big successes include "Service for Ladies," "Wedding Rehearsal," and many films made in Hollywood. He is about forty years of age and looks younger. He is Hungarian-born. He speaks many European languages and talks English perfectly, with an attractive accent. He is one of the world's hardest workers, and thinks nothing of a twelve-hour day in the studios, followed by a little more business at home! He much dislikes being photographed and never sits to the camera-man! Our portrait is the result of an enlarged snapshot. Another Korda idiosyncrasy is the quietness of his voice and the suavity of his manner when directing.

DESIGN FOR DINNER: A "PERIOD" SERVICE FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY'S DIRECTOR.

IN Vanessa Bell's distinguished exhibition, now on at the Lefèvre Gallery, are designs for some of the plates of a very full dinner service which has just been made in pottery for Mr. Kenneth Clark, the new Director of the National Gallery. In this big piece of work, Duncan Grant collaborated with her. The service, in gay and brilliant colours, has plates with portraits of twelve famous Queens of various periods, including Queen Victoria; twelve famous beauties, two being Cleopatra and Nell Gwynn; twelve famous writers, including Virginia Woolf; and twelve actresses, among whom are Bernhardt, Rachel, and Duse. There is also a set of "Period" women, in which "Miss 1933" is portrayed. Those pieces which are not portraits or figures have patterns of flowers in bright colours, a form of decoration in which Mrs. Bell particularly excels.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

CAPTAIN GEORGE EYSTON'S latest speed record consisted of two sixpenny drives! He drove his famous "Diesel"-engined racing car at the rate of 115·20 miles an hour on the Montlhéry track over both the mile and the kilometre. He estimated the fuel cost of the rides as being under sixpence!

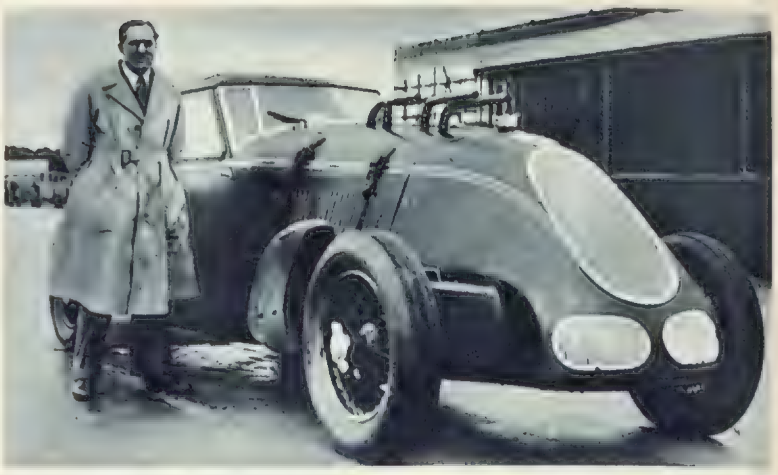
MR. GILES PLAYFAIR, one of the defeated Liberal candidates in the L.C.C. elections, displayed a pretty wit by his effort to quell querulous Communists who attempted to break up his meetings at North-West Camberwell by playing "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" to them on a large electric gramophone—this as an antidote to their continued "huffing and puffing!"

PETER ALDRIDGE, of Offchurch, Leamington, Warwickshire, is the youngest motorist in Great Britain. At the age of eighteen months he can boast of owning his own car—a perfectly equipped model (which looks rather as if he had induced the Rolls-Royce firm to build him a special "Baby"!). He is not, however, breaking any law about driving under age, for Nannie is his Traffic-Controller, and can switch off his electric engine if he shows any signs of dangerous driving!

BY riding Crafty Alice to victory in the Grand Military Gold Cup, MR. TOM WALLS, JNR., 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, added the first piece of gold plate to the collection of trophies on the Walls's family sideboard. The prize is a stake of £400 and a piece of gold plate worth 100 sovereigns.

MISS LORNA ROBERTS, the Surrey mile swimming champion, aged seventeen, appeared with the Kingston (Thames) Amateur Dramatic Society in "Evensong," as Pauline Lacey.

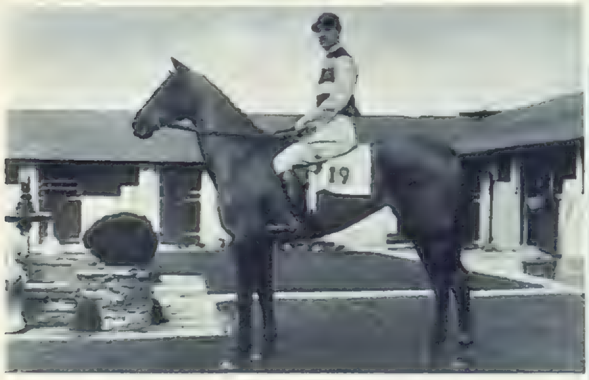
MR. TAYLOR'S 27-lb. pike, caught at Royalty, Christchurch, is a record for a pike taken from these waters during the last sixteen years.



CAPTAIN GEORGE EYSTON—FOR HIS SIXPENNY RECORD-DRIVES OVER A MILE AND A KILOMETRE.

MR. GILES PLAYFAIR—FOR QUELLING HECKLERS WITH ELECTRIC-GRAMOPHONIC STRAINS OF "WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD WOLF?"

EIGHTEEN-MONTHS-OLD PETER ALDRIDGE—FOR DRIVING HIS OWN ELECTRIC MOTOR-CAR; WITH NANNIE AS TRAFFIC-CONTROLLER.



MR. TOM WALLS, JNR.—FOR ADDING THE FIRST PIECE OF GOLD TO THE FAMILY TROPHIES ON THE SIDEBOARD.

MR. PHILIP WILLS rose from Dunstable Downs at 1.15 in his glider and at 3.45 landed at Latchingdon, a distance of 55 miles. On the journey he reached a height of 4600 ft. He claims to have established two records for distance and height in gliding for British glider pilots.

MISS LORNA ROBERTS, swimming champion (seen—left—with Mr. J. Trower and Miss D. Mumby) for getting along swimmingly in "Evensong."

MR. TAYLOR, of Westcliff-on-Sea—FOR CATCHING THIS 27-LB. PIKE AT ROYALTY FISHING.

MR. PHILIP WILLS—FOR GLIDING FOR OVER 55 MILES IN 2½ HOURS, WITH A RISE TO 4600 FEET IN ABOUT 5 MINUTES, AND THUS BEATING TWO BRITISH RECORDS.

THE CAMERA'S POINT OF VIEW.

The MALTA AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB produced "ROAD HOUSE," by Walter Hackett. Our photograph shows Act I.—the Angel Inn in 1899. The characters are Margaret Hamble (MRS. DICKINSON), Algy (COMMANDER J. G. MONCRIEFF), Jack Donovan (COMMANDER R. F. B. SWINLEY), Belle Tout (MISS K. WARREN), Sir Henry Peabody (LIEUT.-COM. D. M. BRANSON), Major Marjoribanks (COMMANDER D. K. BAIN), Sam Crookston (SUB-LIEUT. H. PASLEY-TYLER), and Lt. STEELE (MR. R. FYFFE).

"Stills" from MISS PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD'S FIRST FILM TEST. She is playing opposite to Mr. Emil Jannings in the leading feminine rôle of the English version of British and Continental's first production, which is being begun in England in April.

(Right) Society women waited on members of their staffs at the SERVANTS' BALL, held at the Chelsea Town Hall last week. This group of "waitresses" includes MRS. COLQUHOUN, MRS. RODERICK DENMAN, MISS BALFOUR, LADY ABERDARE, and LADY SYKES (last two on right).

MRS. RENTON, sister of Rosita Forbes, is here seen handing out tea and coffee to the guests at the Servants' Ball.

The LAUDERDALE HUNT Point-to-Point Races took place near Lauder. Our group shows MISS R. TODD, MRS. COOK, mother of Lady Minto and Lady Haddington; the COUNTESS OF MINTO, MISS JACQUELINE TODD (l. to r.), and the LADIES WILLA and BRIDGET ELLIOT (in front), daughters of Lady Minto.

(Right) Scottish society girls acted as mannequins at a dress-parade in Edinburgh in aid of charity. The MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW (right) opened it, and the mannequins included her daughter, LADY JOAN HOPE (next her).

MISS PAMELA BIRD, only daughter of Sir Robert Bird, Bt., M.P., and Lady Bird, is engaged to Mr. Reginald William Bell, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Randal Bell, of Deepdene, Dorking.

LADY ANNE ARNANDER, daughter of the Earl of Crawford, is engaged to Signor Giovanni Fummi. She is the widow of Mr. Folke Arnander, First Secretary of the Swedish Legation in Rome.

The HON. MARY O'NEILL, second daughter of Lady Annabel Dodds, is to marry Mr. Derick Gascoigne, second son of Brigadier-General Sir Frederick Gascoigne, on April 3.

MISS LUCY SCOTT is the youngest daughter of the late Major-General Douglas Scott and of Mrs. Douglas Scott. She is engaged to Mr. Humphrey E. Chichele Plowden, eldest son of the late Mr. Alfred Chichele Plowden.

PRINCESS OTTO VON BISMARCK is the beautiful Swedish-born wife of Prince Otto von Bismarck, who has just been promoted Counsellor of the German Embassy in London.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

MRS. DUDLEY NORTH does not believe in wasting time. She brought her daughter Dorothy to Mrs. James Tomkinson's dance, and settled herself down to an evening of chaperonage *and* useful work, for she brought her knitting too, and clicked away merrily in time to the dance music.

. . .

Everyone—even the hostess herself—enjoyed the dance which Lady Twysden gave for her débutante daughter, Miss Pamela Blake. She danced with as much gusto as any of the very young, and had Captain Freddie Guest as her most energetic partner. She's the wife of the tenth Baronet, and is a sister of Mark Ogilvy Grant, the artist. There was a full house of chaperons as well as of débutantes at this ball, as quite a number of girls had two parents in attendance. Two huge fires, one at each end of the ball-room, and one amplifier prevented the temperature of the room from falling or the music from dying away. Lady Twysden had a varied programme of music, for old valses and even a polka figured on the programme. The very young don't care for the polka, though it amuses their elders.

. . .

Always seen at dances now. Lord Townshend, seventh Marquess and twelfth Baronet. He is almost our youngest eligible, as he won't be eighteen till May 13. He's already one of the most popular young men of the moment, and no débutantes' dance is complete without him.

. . .

Not often seen at débutantes' dances. Lady Pamela Smith, one of our loveliest ex-débutantes. She put in an appearance at Lady Twysden's ball, to the delight of her many admirers. There were some smart young marrieds there, too, in the persons of the Bismarcks, the Brownlows, Lady Diana Abdy and her husband, and Lady Alington, as a change from the rows of eighteen-year-olds who have been to every one of the five-a-week balls of this gay pre-Easter season.

MRS. JOSEPH W. DONNER, the widowed daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Elting, of Chicago, is to marry Lord Tennyson, the well-known cricketer, on April 14, at Santa Barbara, Cal.

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Clare Lady Cowley and her daughter, Lady Cecilia Wellesley, can wear each other's dresses! Lady Cecilia planned, long ago, to wear an amusing grey tulle frock, with a bright sash of green, orange, and red, at her own dance. Just the day before, she said that *perhaps* she and her mother would exchange dresses, and that she would come out in a grand silver model—but this was only a playful boast!

. . .

The flowers all came up from Seagry and were too lovely. The hostess herself is off by air this week to Egypt, accompanied by Lady Cecilia. They are going to visit Lady Diana Dixon, formerly Lady Diana Wellesley, who is out there with her husband, and have planned to go up to Assouan and Luxor before coming back to tackle the London season proper.

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Débutantes do not spend all their time at parties—though one might think so! Miss Ariel Baird, who is *petite* and graceful, studies dancing as hard as if she were going to be a professional; and Miss Jennifer Fry is not satisfied with helping Mrs. Baldwin with secretarial work three days a week; she does "infant welfare" at a crèche regularly every Friday.

. . . . . .

If you ever go to dine with the National Gallery's new Director, Mr. Kenneth Clark, I hope you won't bolt your food in an effort to see the picture that lies on the plate underneath! It would not be surprising if you did, however, for Mr. Clark has the most original dinner service in the world. He gave an order to Vanessa Bell for designs for it. Duncan Grant collaborated with her, and the result is brilliant in colour and execution and very amusing. The dessert-plates bear portraits of famous women of various periods, and the dinner-plates and other pieces, of famous writers, including Virginia Woolf, as well as historical personages, famous actresses, and so on.

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The designers have included themselves. Mrs. Bell did Mr. Grant, and *vice versa*; while Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Clark and their children have been used to decorate a jug. What endless possibilities there are in this idea, and what fun to replace the usual heraldic plates which we are accustomed to dine upon with something topical and entertaining! A number of the designs for the service are to be seen at Mrs. Bell's excellent exhibition now on at the Lefèvre Gallery. Go and see them; they may give you ideas for a dessert service of your own!

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I paid a visit to Frank Dobson's studio the other day and was interested to see the head of Miss Peggy Salaman, airwoman and needlewoman, which he is modelling. He has posed her with an eager look on her face, and a blown-back effect of the hair, which is very characteristic. The bead necklace which he has indicated in his portrait has an interesting story. It is a string of corals which Miss Auriol Salaman sent to her sister as a "good luck" present from Italy just before she started on her flight to South Africa. She wore them during the adventurous journey, and feels that they were a sufficiently worthy mascot to be recorded in her sculptured portrait.

Sir William Jowitt is also sitting to Dobson, but he has only been able to make time for one visit so far, so progress is not rapid! However, the artist hopes to be able to catch this elusive sitter at Easter-time by pursuing him to his country retreat in Sussex.

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I have better news of Lady Lavery, though her progress back to health has been rather slow, and the tragedy of the death of her much-loved dog has not helped. However, she hopes soon to be well enough to go down to Brighton, to Edward Knoblock's Regency house there, which is furnished and decorated in perfect "Conversation Piece" style. He has lent it to her.

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Mr. Edward Wadsworth, the artist, and his wife have always had many German friends. They know the country well, and often visit

it, so it 's not surprising that their daughter Barbara should have married a German, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg. She is a very handsome young woman, barely out of her teens, and, as she went to a German finishing school, and before that had German governesses, she can speak her husband's language perfectly. She has married a cousin of the Bethmann-Hollweg who was Chancellor in 1914, and to whom Bülow is so unkind in his "Memoirs." His name is Joachim Albrecht; he is a great sportsman, and plays for Germany in international ice-hockey matches. The bride has always, even at a very early age, shown that she has the making of a good hostess—rather a rare gift of the gods, especially to English girls!

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For their last Lenten Concert, the Royal Philharmonic Society chose an all-French programme, with but one exception—which does not mean that it was anything like a penance! How could it be, with Thibaud for soloist and with such an interesting conductor as Monteux? It was amusing to watch how much calmer Monteux's movements are, when on the platform, than those of Sir Thomas Beecham, though Beecham hails from Lancashire, and Monteux looks like the typical and so-called "excitable" Southerner. Incidentally, he is director of the celebrated Lamoureux concerts in Paris.

M. Jacques Thibaud is slim and elegant in appearance. He lives in Paris, but has also got a house at St. Caast, in Brittany, not far from Dinard. He gave a recital at the Wigmore Hall the other Tuesday, but before this had not been heard in London for some time.

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Mrs. Saumarez is one of the mothers who can look forward to a really strenuous season, as she is bringing out two daughters simultaneously—Veronica, who was born in 1915, and Christine, who is one year older. She is the daughter-in-law of Lord de Saumarez, who is now in his ninety-first year and lives in Guernsey, where his ancestors settled in the twelfth century. The de Saumarez dance is fixed for May 4, and is to take place in Mansfield House, which Mrs. Saumarez has taken for the season!

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Lady Sligo was one of those present at the last of Mrs. Baldwin's pre-Easter session tea-parties. She was retailing an excellent story to her friends in regard to her now famous feat of catching ten salmon in a day in Ireland. Fearful that she might be disbelieved, she posed with her catch and the ghillie, so that proof of the day's sport might be put on record. This snapshot inspired the Dean of Westminster, Dr. Foxley Norris, who is an excellent artist, to send her a card of greeting depicting a lady surrounded by masses of salmon—but when she told a rival fisherman of her achievement, he merely smiled and said: "Oh, I 've often done that!" Lady Sligo, however, was not the least nonplussed. She merely said: "What a wonderful fisherman you must be!"

. . . .

A big crowd, of course, at Sunderland House for the Mr. Walter Elliot—Miss Tennant reception before their wedding. About 700 people, representing Cabinet Ministers, Parliamentarians, the House of Lords, and crowds of smart women and other fry. "The Cabinet's" present was a lovely set of silver candlesticks, which glittered on a writing-table given by Lord and Lady Strathcona. One amusing present was a cartoon by Low, called "The Milky Way," showing the Minister for Agriculture in the centre. The marble hall was beautifully decorated with flowers, and on the walls hung a goodly number of wedding-present pictures, mostly by Scottish artists, which gave the place that "lived-in" look it often lacks.

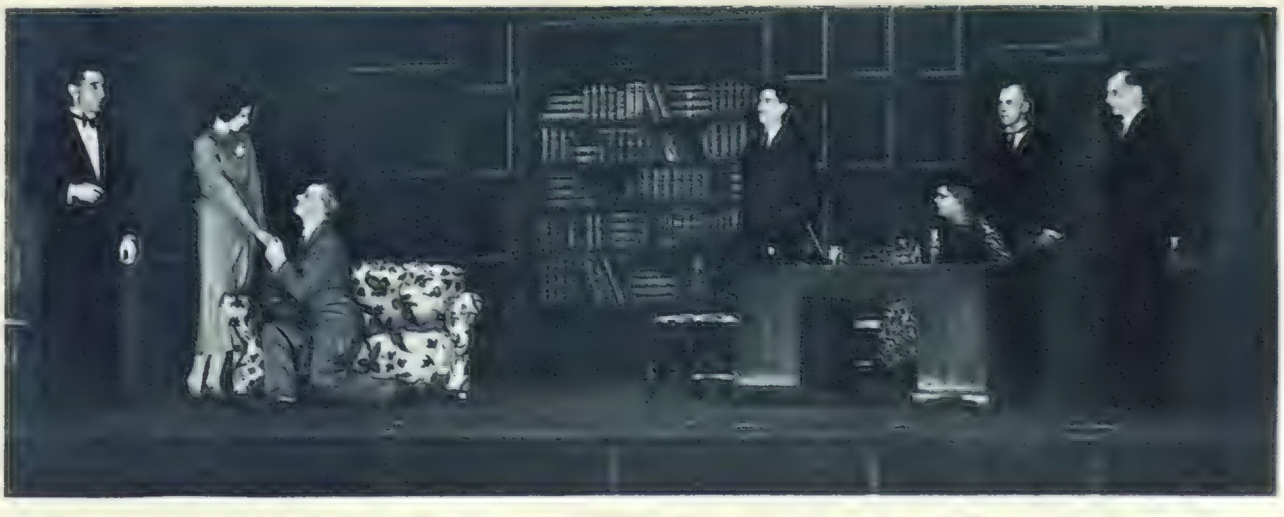
Miss Tennant and Mr. Elliot received in the first room, and the guests then repaired to the marble hall, where they pressed their noses on the cards. Mrs. Gates, the bride's sister, was hostess, and looked beautiful with a large red feather in her hat. It was extremely difficult to see anybody, but I did run across Lady Ottoline Morrell, very striking with long silver earrings. When someone asked her if she had seen *all* the wedding presents, she characteristically said: "Well, I 'm very interested in human beings, and I 've been looking a lot at them!"

. . . .

Lady Londonderry did look marvellously handsome with a jewelled band in her hair at the Zuider Zee Carnival at Westminster Ice Club. We all wore our furs; and it was great fun.—MARIEGOLD.

THE BRITISH SEA ANGLERS' SOCIETY held their annual dinner and dance recently in London. Our group shows (left to right; standing) MRS. STURCH, MR. CECIL BENNETT, ——, MR. MARSTON, MR. BARTLETT, MISS HARDY, MR. HARDY, LIEUT. TERRY, MR. F. B. HANNAM, MR. THOMSON, and MR. SMITH; and (seated) MRS. SMITH, MR. BELL, MR. FORREST, MRS. FORREST, MRS. NORMAN, MR. SUMMERS, ——, MRS. MAYCROFT, DR. MAYCROFT, MR. MAYCROFT, and MRS. HANNAM.

THE NORTH CHESHIRE OPERATIC SOCIETY have chosen "THE STUDENT PRINCE" for their forthcoming production at Altrincham, April 9-14. This shows the gavotte in the third act.



THE CAVENDISH DRAMATIC SOCIETY presented "INTERFERENCE" at the Fortune Theatre. Our photograph shows Sir John Marlay (MR. ALBERT ALMON), Faith Marlay (MISS MARY McGREGOR JACK), Inspector Haines (MR. FREDERICK PEMBERTON), Mrs. Florence Rooke (MISS PHYLLIS COOK), Childers (MR. E. HOWARD-CLARKE), and Douglas Helder (MR. JAMES HEARD ROSE).

THE SOCIETY GIRL WHO BUILDS MINIATURE AEROPLANES.

(Left)
MISS ROSALIND NORMAN is at work in her drawing office, which has cupboards specially constructed to hold in safety secret designs and Government specifications.

The PAINTS used for the different models are arranged on shelves. A "shade card" stands below, to guide the eye of MISS NORMAN.

MISS ROSALIND NORMAN is holding a pair of D.-H. "GIPSY MOTHS," graceful "creatures" whether in miniature or life-size. She puts in a ten-hour day at her work making miniature aeroplanes.

A model of the famous DE HAVILLAND "DRAGON," a large yellow two-engined machine, complete with pilot.

SOMETHING tremendously exciting is taking place in a Mayfair mews, and proving conclusively that the modern girl is imaginative, practical, and air-minded to the *n*th degree. MISS ROSALIND NORMAN, the daughter of Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Norman, and the skilled craftsmen on her staff are making models of every type of aeroplane in the world for customers ranging from foreign Government departments and Home Ministries to private owners, engineering firms, and flying clubs. These models are built to scale (Miss Norman herself being one of the draughtsmen) before the big machines are ordered, or they are copies of existing 'planes. Every detail goes through a different department in the workshops before the finished article is displayed in a blue show-room hung with pictures of flying.

One of the R.A.F. "HAWKER-HART" machines.

A LOG IN PETIT-POINT: A FAMOUS FLIGHT STITCHED.

MISS PEGGY SALAMAN (left), the heroine of the remarkable record flight to the Cape in the aeroplane "Good Hope," with Mr. A. Gordon Store, in 1931, is a needle- as well as an air-woman. She has recorded the incidents of her flight in petit and gros point after the designs made by her sister, MISS AURIOL SALAMAN (right). The needlework picture shows (top left), the Pyramids, the Nile, and part of the Temple of Thebes; (bottom left), the jungle with a giraffe, lion and elephant; (top right) a mosque in the desert; (centre) Table Bay and Mountain, Cape Town. The ostrich at the back of the mountain represents the emblem of South Africa, and (bottom right) is a native village with the two lion cubs, Juba and Joker, which were presented to Miss Salaman. The needlework was exhibited at the Royal Amateur Art Exhibition. It is called "The Flight of the 'Good Hope,' 1931."

A MODEL MODERN FLAT FOR YOUNG MARRIEDS.

MR. VICTOR MALCOLM and MRS. MALCOLM (ANN TODD) in their drawing-room.

The bath-room.

The drawing-room.

The best bed-room.

The kitchen.

The dining-room.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SASHA.

MR. VICTOR MALCOLM, son of Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch, and his young wife, formerly Miss Ann Todd, the actress, live in a typical modern flat designed on up-to-date lines. Housewives will be struck by the small amount of work which a housemaid will encounter when "doing" the rooms. There are no mantelpieces encumbered with ornaments, no pictures to collect dust, and very little furniture. No coal fires are used. The kitchen is up to date and well equipped; the bath-room is luxuriously modern; and every room is carpeted to the edge. The embroidered feather design on the bed-head, bedspread, etc., is unusual. Miss Todd is playing in the English film version of "Bulldog Drummond," now in course of being made.

TO GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

With every possible admiration.

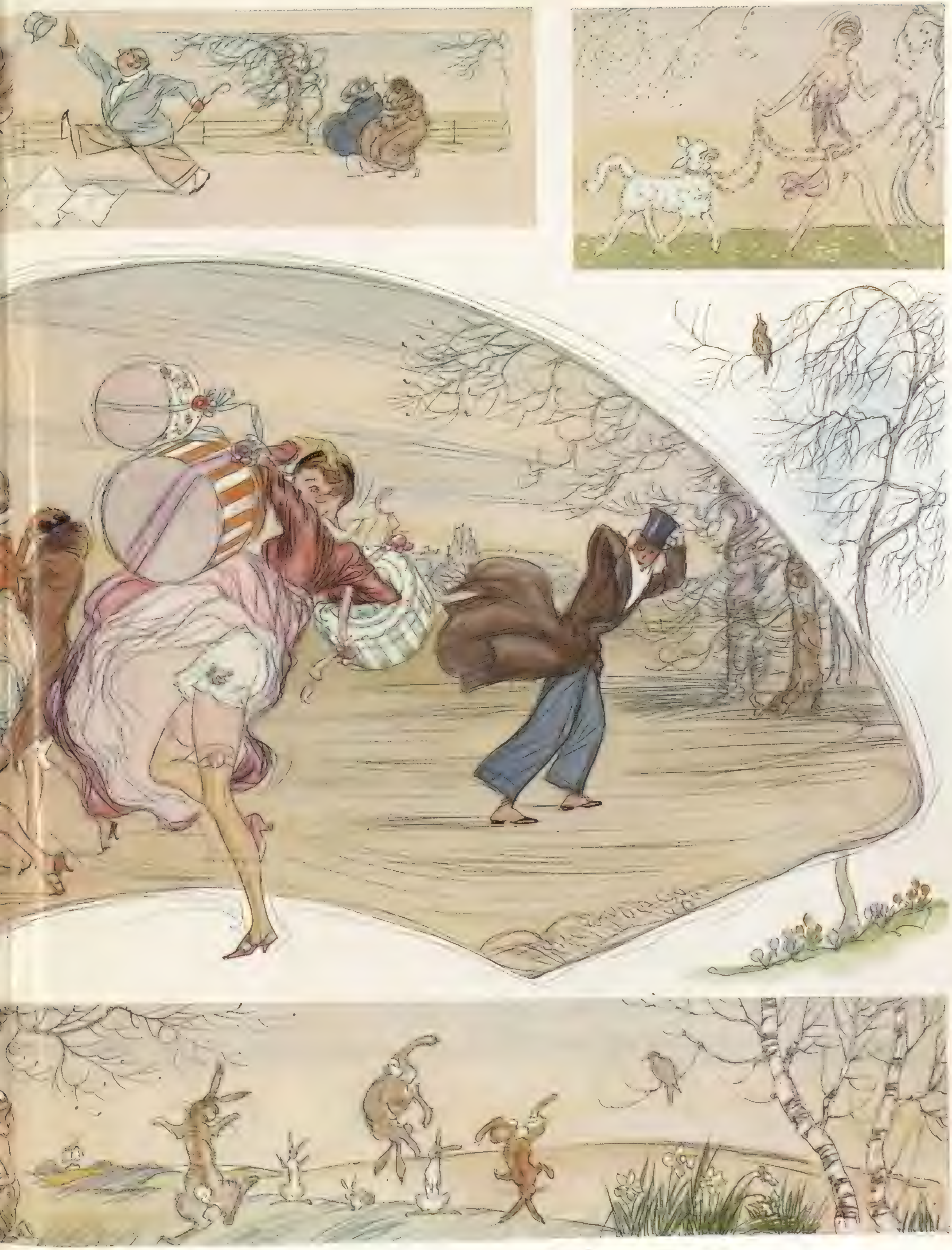
How can you know so much, and yet keep clear
The bubbling well of laughter in your heart?
Which rises with a sudden gush and start
Into sweet air, a fountain, falling sheer
In drops of molten diamond, that appear
Threaded upon a sunbeam, to fall apart
In spray — for so the bright gems of your Art
Fall and dissolve, and tremble to a tear.

Because, I think, this laughter that is flung
Dancing into the sun, with jocund sound,
From no plumbed cistern leaps into the air;
But rather by some mighty Spirit wrung
From those deep heart-springs buried underground,
We never see, but know that they are there.

JAMES LAVER.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY OLIVE SNELL.

WHO WAS AFRAID OF



DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD.

F THE BIG BAD MARCH?

GRAN'POP MAKES HIS EASTER BUNS.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.

Leicestershire Letter.

Following on the rain, there has been some really good sport. The Belvoir were in the position of "suffering from the cure" after they met at Eastwell, for the downpour damped all but the most enthusiastic in the afternoon, though earlier on an outlier had given hounds a splendid chance of exploiting their hunting powers. He took them sharply to the Belvoir Woods, showed them the way out again (this was a most unusual move), and then led them a dance to the Harby Hills, whence they ran nicely to ground in Holwell Mouth. A moderate riding line, but sporting withal. The remainder of the day had best have a rainy veil drawn over it, for nothing could be truer. Sutton-by-Granby on the Saturday was quite a different matter, for so good a day did these hounds have that, even after meeting at 11.30, everyone had had enough by 3.15. Jumping off with a traveller outside Jericho, they ran him two brisk rings of considerable size over good country before demolishing him at Whatton. Followed a fine hunt from Colman's Hill, which only ceased owing to a changeling fox turning out to be a vixen when pointing for Allington. Mrs. Egerton's bad fall cast a blot on the day, as she broke both collar-bones and a rib.

The engagement of the HON. HEATHER BADEN-POWELL, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Baden-Powell, to Mr. G. E. Lennox-Boyd, Highland Light Infantry, eldest son of Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd and Mrs. Lennox-Boyd, of Broadley House, Sway, Hampshire, has been announced. Miss Baden-Powell was a débutante of last year.

Varied Amusements.

The Point-to-Point meeting at Long Clawson was not assisted by the weather; but those who stayed away missed some very good racing. Mr. Baillie's Hy Brazil beat some of the local fancies in Mr. "Tim" Player and General Tomkinson, but Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey was a popular Adjacent Hunts winner, though the tradition of the meeting does not permit a race for "ladies up." Nowadays this may account for rather a small "gate," for the Oakley were holding their races on the same day, and many Meltonian supporters had gone there to see Mrs. Greenall wipe the floor with her adversaries. It is too soon to speak, but she and her Mimosa look like being the Gordon Richards of female point-to-points.

Vive le Quorn!

These hounds brought off a star day after their Friday meet at Beeby, when the rain had just sunk in nicely and given the grass a top-dressing to hold the scent. It was only right that that tower of strength, Barkby Holt, should provide the medium for an extra-special hunt of nearly an hour over country to dream of, for, crossing the brook as usual, they then threaded their way past Sherrard's, the Privets, and on towards Brooksby, before turning, *via* Cream Gorse, Gaddesby, and Ashby Folville, to ground in Adam's Gorse. It is impossible to imagine anything more delectable, and participants almost swooned with delight, vowing there never had been such a pack of hounds! They did well again next day, from a Saturday meet in the Monday area. This and the rain mitigated against their pukka Monday, for a great deal of the ground had been exploited; also, foxes had a tendency to be vixens, but there is no doubt that the Quorn have had the best of a moderate deal this season, and made the most of it.

A "Beaufortshire" Budget.

The weather has taken the usual freakish turn afforded by a March variety show, and we have been very wet, frightfully cold, and collecting all those signs of mud-larking which are the valet's dread! The Knockdown day was, however, pleasantly normal, and contributed last week's "best results." Everyone seemed to be out, and after some circular exercises around Silk Wood, which the local vulpines had no intention of leaving, there was lots of fun. Our hearts first of all pit-a-pat-ed when the Estcourt horses assumed the perpendicular, at either or both ends impartially, our admiration for the horsemanship of the ladies up being only equalled by our anxiety for them! Miss Alethea Lloyd was celebrating her twenty-first birthday with this exposition of rodeo skill, and really did an absolute centaur-stunt, remaining in the saddle despite all super-equine attempts to dislodge her!

Hounds ran nicely from Charltondown, over the Beverstone country to Chavenage, and then on along the uplands edging the bottoms till they came to the hilltop above Avening, where we all had palpitations again, when Master jumped a wall above a sort of precipice into a lane! They landed with a peck—which did not displace Master quite, though very nearly, and the field fled as one for a gate, however far they had to gallop to find it! All this nerve-racking work (not without much quiet, incidental enjoyment popping over walls and fences) ended with the sound Master loves best on earth—"Who-whoop!"—by Miss Patricia Bainbridge's covert. The afternoon hunt from Shipton Wood to the outskirts of Malmesbury was also quite a good number, in a scratchy, scrambley sort of country. Our last excitement was when Lady Helena Gibbs's horse subsided, merriment and gratuitous advice of chastisement changing to quick concern when it was realised the poor steed was suffering from colic, not a "norty" desire to roll on the spring sward. Fortunately this was very near home, so could be tackled without delay.

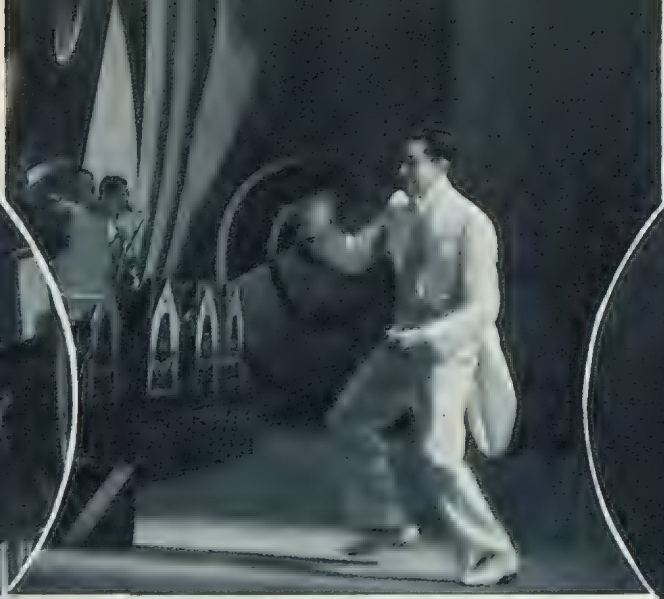
After the Storms.

Saturday provided a nice little lull after the storms, and a rejoicing throng of very ample proportions came to Badminton Station. They all enjoyed themselves, too, especially in the first hunt from Cranhill Gorse, when hounds ran on well into the Hull'ington country and killed their fox. The going was heavy in places, and there was a lot of grief. The young couple from Malmesbury, who each found a soft spot, could cry quits by the end of the day! The Colonel from Tetbury alighted on his head, we fear, and was slightly concussed. We revolved slowly around Farleaze, where the Millais fences have been cut down into such nice jumping lengths for us, in otherwise overgrown thickets. The afternoon jolly from Oldlands, though brief, was bright, and busy too. A valiant handful out in Monday's rain at Biddestone seem to have scored a great gallop from Captain Russell-Wood's brake at Lanhill almost to Hullavington. The pace a cracker to Leighdelamere, for the first twenty minutes or so, sez they. After meeting at Jackament's Bottom later in the week, they had a fine hound hunt on a catchy scent after finding at Trull. Going through George's Gorse, hounds ran past Upton, by Carter's Bottom and Ledgemore. They went to Avening and Lowsmore, and back to Trull. Finally, they lost at Star Farm.

MISS S. PIERCE won the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race at the North Warwickshire Hunt Point-to-Point Steeplechases at Banner Hill, near Kenilworth, Warwickshire, with her Crown Glass.

AL JOLSON'S NIGGER HEAVEN—IN "WONDER BAR."

A striking representation of the coloured folk's idea of Heaven is screened in one of the scenes in "WONDER BAR," the First National and Vitaphone picture which is coming to the Carlton early in April. The setting is for "GOING TO HEAVEN ON A MULE," a negro spiritual sung by MR. AL JOLSON, and the décor shows numbers of coloured folk in white robes with silver wings. The effect of numbers in the lower photograph is increased by the use of mirrors in the background. In the upper photograph MR. AL JOLSON is in the centre, conferring inside the golden gate with St. Peter, who is seen at his right hand.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LENARE.

HIS HI-DE-HI-NESS OF HO-DE-HO: CAB CALLOWAY IN ACTION.

MR. CAB CALLOWAY and his COTTON CLUB ORCHESTRA have been making a big hit during their three weeks at the London Palladium, and are now hotting up Glasgow, for they are at the Empire there this week. Their numbers are all red-hot, and the rhythm of Cab's hi-de-his and his ho-de-hos is compelling to the nth degree! Our page shows Mr. Calloway, clad in his suit of white dress clothes, in some characteristic attitudes. Cab and his boys are said to be the highest-paid dance band in America. Our photographs were taken from the wings during a performance.

"DOUBLE DOOR" — WITH SYBIL THORNDIKE AND OWEN NARES IN 1899 AND 1900.

1. *MISS CAROL GOODNER plays Anne Darrow, the young wife, in "DOUBLE DOOR," at the Globe. The scene is set in 1899 and 1900. This is her going-away dress of the period.*

3. *Victoria van Brett (SYBIL THORNDIKE) grows to hate her young sister-in-law, Anne (CAROL GOODNER), and actually attempts to murder her. She is bidding her enter the safe with the double doors, ostensibly to fetch the pearls which Robert wishes her to have.*

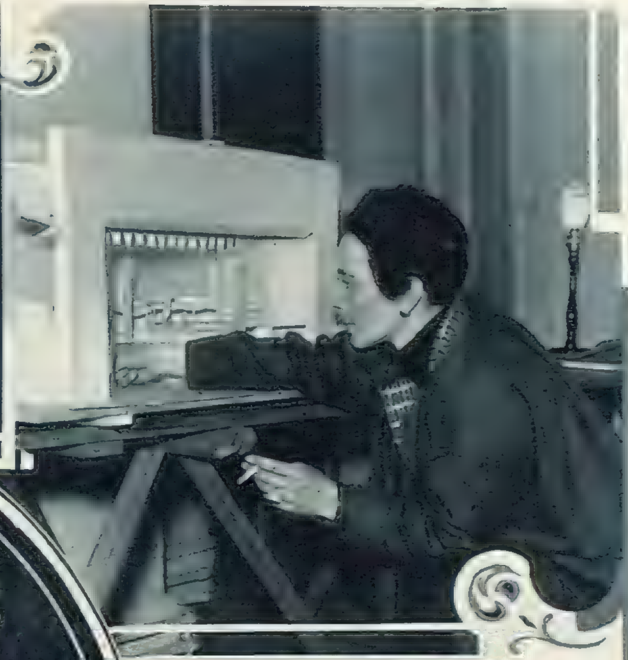
2. *Robert van Brett (OWEN NARES) marries Anne Darrow (CAROL GOODNER) against the wishes of his domineering sister. This shows the bride and bridegroom in 1899 period costume.*

4. *The group outside the door of the safe in which Anne is incarcerated consists of Edward Mortimer (CHARLES LEFEAUX), Dr. John Sully (SEBASTIAN SHAW), Caroline (CHRISTINE SILVER), Robert van Brett (OWEN NARES), and Victoria van Brett (SYBIL THORNDIKE) (l. to r.).*

5. *DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE plays the part of Victoria, the cruel, domineering woman, who nearly becomes a murderess through jealousy. She is here handling the necklace which was destined for her brother's wife. She says: "The pearls were my mother's. It should have come to me."*

"THE THREE SISTERS" — PRINCIPALS; CHORUS; DESIGNER; GEESE!

" THE THREE SISTERS," which is due at Drury Lane on Friday, April 6, is a romantic story of the English countryside. The three heroines are daughters of a travelling photographer, and the scene shifts from Epsom Downs to a Y.M.C.A. hut in France in the war and an English village. This group shows some of the principals and chorus. ADÈLE DIXON, CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD, VICTORIA HOPPER, the sisters, are standing (centre); and in front may be seen DICK FRANCIS, ELIOT MAKEHAM, ALBERT BURDON, and ESMOND KNIGHT.



MRS. GLADYS CALTHROP, the well-known stage designer, is shown arranging a model of one of the scenes.

(Rt.) ADÈLE DIXON, STANLEY HOLLOWAY, CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD, VICTORIA HOPPER, & ALBERT BURDON are here seen, from left to right, at a rehearsal.

A FLOCK OF GEESE are featured in one of the scenes. STANLEY HOLLOWAY and DICK FRANCIS are seen directing them!

VICTORIA HOPPER, the young actress whose rapid rise to fame is one of the theatrical sensations of recent years, is rehearsing with ESMOND KNIGHT.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

THIS play "SIXTEEN," at the Embassy Theatre, is a study of an adolescent girl with a mother-complex — a play, though not profound in its searchings, intensely interesting, touched with humour, and genuinely moving. It is a play of distinction perfectly played. Miss Helen Haye, as the old grandmother, draws a beautiful portrait, full of sympathetic understanding. Miss Fabia Drake's mother is firmly outlined and rings true. Miss Muriel Aked,

"WITHOUT WITNESS," at the Duke of York's. Geoffrey Harting (NICHOLAS HANNEN) furtively forces an entrance to return the empties—"the empties" in this case being a bottle which contained poison. The poison is now contained by the husband of Geoffrey's ex-wife. Geoffrey does not know about the police.

as the faithful old nurse, is a joy with her richly humorous characterisation; and the doctor of Mr. H. G. Stoker is that complete blend of firmness and tact that a good family practitioner should be. Mr. Cecil Trouncer has the only thankless part, as the lover who, in marrying the mother, creates the situation, for this character lacks vitality; yet he portrays it with skill and discretion. The two children, so contrasted, are beautifully done. What a hoydenish romp and lovable minx is Miss Alexis France; while Miss Antoinette Cellier builds up of the central figure, Irene, a study sensitive, compelling, and poignant that is wholly convincing and in itself a revelation that confirms the promise of this gifted young actress. It is a play that must come in due course to the West End, and to have first presented it is another considerable item to the credit of Mr. Ronald Adam.

Shakespeare at the Alhambra is presented boldly, simply, and popularly: boldly in its picturesque backgrounds, simply in its broad effects, and popularly in its selection. "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" admirably fits into this scheme of things, and Mr. Stanley Bell, reviving the spirit of the Tree productions, steers a safe course, filling his stage with pictorial animation and interpreting the comedy without subtlety. Considering the vastness of the house, perhaps this is the most commendable method. We see gondolas gliding beneath the Rialto, and the rich costumes of the Venetians splash attractive tints to a colourful setting. The Casket Scene offers rare opportunities for spectacle, and the designer seizes them effectively. The Trial Scene has a dignified setting, and the epilogue in Belmont is romantically staged with moonlight and shadow, and birds warbling in the trees.

But the focus of the story is the Jew, and Mr. Franklin Dyall draws a portrait on a scale to fit the broad production. Within its limits it is well done, for the simplification of characterisation makes Shylock less than a monster, though little more than a melodramatic villain. The main emphasis is the motive of revenge, and we watch the crafty machinations of the usurer, not without respect for his determination to strike back at the baiting Christians, and not without a sense of pity at his downfall. Those nuances which lift Shylock into the gallery of tragic figures, that shift the weight of responsibility for his conduct to his environment, that humanise the Jew till he entirely commands our sympathy, are denied us. That interpretation makes Act IV. the natural end of the play, because the theme of humanity and racial prejudice has come to its conclusion. Mr. Bell does not make Act V. merely a pendant for poetic appreciation, and Mr. Dyall's Shylock, with its unqualified villainy, makes it easy to return to the light comedy of Belmont. It is an objective portrait, lacking that penetration which adds stature to character.

The Portia of Miss Marie Ney is distinguished by its grace, its charm, and its sincerity. How beautifully she speaks her lines, and how surely she preserves the features of the character! The opening episodes, so often described with flippant affectations, have lightness and strength, and the love scene with Bassanio thus reveals dignity and gentleness. It is this consistent drawing which lends authority to the Trial Scene, and gives that moment its momentum. Miss Marie Ney's Portia does not submit to the limitations of the spectacle, but transforms them, and in her study we get something distinctive and compelling, for this is a lovely performance. Mr. Basil Gill's Antonio does not rise above the production, but it is adequate. Mr. Laidman Browne discovers attractive facets in Gratiano, and Mr. Jack Livesey proves a romantic Bassanio. The production is full of merit, and the play was well received; but its one reproach is that, since subtlety is denied, the tendency to underline slackens the pace.

The Embassy nursery continues to send its productions to the West End, and this latest addition, "WITHOUT WITNESS," comes to the Duke of York's. It has been rewritten and generally tidied up, so that all the threads are now neatly tied together, with no loose ends to the plot. The story is a good one, well told with incisiveness and humour, providing suspense, curiosity, and surprise. When I say it is a worthy counterpart of "Ten-Minute Alibi," I sum up its character and its quality. As an entertainment, it fills an evening with exciting episodes, all ingeniously devised, and with sufficient observation in the characterisation to make the narrative plausible.

With Mr. Nicholas Hannen's sensibility and art, Mr. Hugh E. Wright's persuasive and sensitive draughtsmanship, and Miss Joan Marion's charm to lead a really excellent company, there is an assurance that Mr. Anthony Armstrong and Mr. Harold Simpson's collaboration gets its full stage value—a value that those who wish to enjoy a thrill, to experience the tension established by a well-controlled narrative, to watch a well-made piece well played, will appreciate. If you enjoyed "Ten-Minute Alibi," then it is safe to prophesy you will want to visit Anthony Armstrong's next, "Without Witness."

"WITHOUT WITNESS," at the Duke of York's. Detective-Inspector Mayhew (HUGH E. WRIGHT) warns everything and everybody that what they say may be taken down and used in evidence against them!

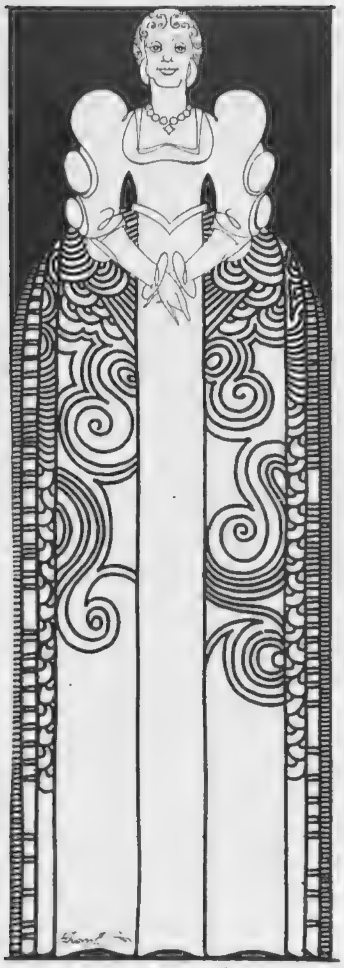
Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page VIII.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

MR. PAUL ROBESON'S screen début in a film version of Eugene O'Neill's "THE EMPEROR JONES" (Marble Arch Pavilion) will go down in the annals of the cinema as a performance that fully deserves the much-abused epithet "magnificent" in every sense of the word. For this coloured Pullman porter, Brutus Jones, who rises to imperial state in a West Indian island, only to be defeated in the end by the primitive superstitions inherited from his forefathers, the bush negroes, has in him a quality of magnificence—a pride that is at once his greatness and his undoing.



"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," at the Alhambra. A portrait of MARIE NEY as Portia, in decorative proportions suitable for a book-mark or a design for petit-point.

There is no actor other than Paul Robeson who could have brought this character in all its light and shade to the screen or to the stage. Power smoulders in his eyes, is expressed in his fine physique, vibrates in his sonorous voice that booms through the picture and seems to imbue every aspect of it with a rich, deep undertone. And the overthrow of power by the mere figments of a primitive mind—the dread "h'ants" of Jones's turbulent past and hunted present that, to the merciless beat of the tom-tom, drive him to his death—lends tragedy to the final forest nightmare, lifted almost intact from the pages of the play. The sophisticated may possibly deride the appearance of the jungle spooks, but it should be remembered that O'Neill himself intended the visions to be seen, and that they are the creations of a negro's childlike brain. The earlier career of Jones, built up on his own references to it in the play, have been cleverly enlarged by Du Bose Heyward, whose additional dialogue is well attuned to the spirit of the drama; and Dudley Murphy's direction keeps this fine adaptation moving urgently to its appointed goal.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," at the Alhambra. Portia (MARIE NEY) in the working attire of Doctor Bellario, a rising young barrister, discomfits Shylock (FRANKLIN DYALL) by forbidding all blood-shedding. Shylock, although he regards Antonio as decidedly an anæmic creature, has not the courage of his convictions.

Continuing their policy of unusual shorts, the Marble Arch Pavilion is showing "CAVALCADE OF THE MOVIES," in which J. Stuart Blackton swiftly traces the history of cinematic photography from 6000 B.C. to the present day. Brief tribute is paid to Leonardo da Vinci and other pioneers of the Middle Ages, but the film really gets into its stride when dealing with the early experiments of Edison in the 'nineties, until the coming of sound. Old memories are revived, and old favourites of the screen are glimpsed in past triumphs; but the item that tickled my fancy most was a shot from the Battle of Manila Bay, an epic of the Cuban War, made by Mr. Blackton in 1898 at the stupendous cost of 3.50 dollars.

The double-feature programme at the Tivoli provides good popular entertainment. "THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY" is the sort of mystery-thriller that starts off with a game in the dark, a murder revealed when the lights go up, and good reason to suspect every member of the party. Developed with ingenuity, the action works up to an exciting climax in the Old Bailey, a well-staged scene culminating in the suicide of the guilty man. An excellent company, headed by Leslie Banks in a finished portrayal of a Scotland Yard Commissioner, adds conviction to this effective addition to detective drama.

The companion picture, "ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN," presents the volatile Lee Tracy up to his tricks again as a "peppy" journalist. His correspondence column, devoted to the problems of enamoured maidens, proves a roaring success and points the way to easy money. The journalist agrees to puff the inferior goods of a druggist racketeer. Here, however, tragedy steps in, and the light-comedy opening yields to drama. Tracy, wisecracking, resourceful, and slick, is equal to all occasions, giving a brilliant performance on characteristic lines. He is ably supported by Stanley Holloway as his "copy-boy" and charmingly partnered by Sally Blane.

It says much for the direction of Marion Gering and the art of Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March that the long-drawn-out duel between a good little girl and a bad young man, that makes up the entire story of the film "GOOD GIRL," results in a pleasantly entertaining *jeu d'esprit*, albeit of a humble walk of life. The good girl is a stranded chorine who has her bag, containing all her worldly wealth, snatched on a fair-ground by a card-sharper's associate, the card-sharper who profits by such diversions being none other than our versatile friend Fredric March.

In this instance, tough, hard-boiled, a philanderer of the travelling show, he fights against his growing interest in the virtuous dancer, whom Sylvia Sidney invests with all her tender charm and an earnestness suddenly dispelled by her irresistible smile.

Together they get in and out of scrapes, fight each other's battles, and land in each other's arms in a police court, oblivious of their surroundings. The climax is a piece of sheer good-natured fantasia, but it caps the lovers' sparring-match neatly enough. Miss Sidney, dreaming of domesticity, and Mr. March, eluding her pretty traps, make the most of the humorous twists given to a slender theme, and the bustle of the big show lends variety to the backgrounds.

The film is really a proof that a strong plot is not a necessity for a picture. Laurels can be won by sheer charm of acting and skilful direction.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," at the Alhambra. Sherriffs here illustrates the famous Casket Scene. The Prince of Aragon (CEDRIC BOWDEN), with effeminate gesture and deportment, is on the point of trying his luck in the draw. Portia (MARIE NEY) is greatly relieved by his failure.

Zola's famous novel, "NANA," has been "talkied" under the title of "The Lady of the Boulevards," with MISS ANNA STEN, the new Russian star who has been "groomed for stardom" in Hollywood, as the heroine. The story opens when Nana, accompanied by Satin (MAE CLARK) and Mimi (MURIEL KIRKLAND), visits the Café of the Seven Trout.

Mr. Sam Goldwyn has spent a considerable time coaching his new star, ANNA STEN, for her appearance as the Zola heroine. For one thing, she has had to learn English.

The costumes worn in "THE LADY OF THE BOULEVARDS" are the elaborate fashions of the 'eighties. The picture comes to the Tivoli on March 31.

NANA — BY STEN.

A SCREEN POLO-PLAYER WHO IS A POLO-PLAYER.

MR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY has just scored another hit in "The Mystery of Mr. X." The duels of wit between Robert Montgomery, as an accomplished thief, and Lewis Stone, as a wide-awake detective, are a feature of this picture. Robert Montgomery is often screened as a polo-player. He is one in real life, and is here seen in a corner of his saddle-room.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

ONE thinks of Pirandello primarily as a philosopher who expresses in drama his unorthodox views on the nature of reality. His mind is sceptical, his imagination macabre; the combination of the two produced in "Henry IV." and "Six Characters" a curious and extremely individual atmosphere, not too rarefied to breathe, but disquieting and even terrifying. It is not so much what we find in the plays that disturbs us; it is what we do not find. Insanity is not, of course, a comfortable theme, and Pirandello has a predilection for it; but other writers have made it seem more dreadful than he does, and he gets many a good, if rather mirthless, joke out of the delusions, real or feigned, under which his characters labour. No; what disturbs us is a kind of spiritual emptiness, a frightening sense of vacancy. His scepticism is infectious; it undermines our faith, it leaves us doubting our very existence. So that it comes as a relief to hear, from the lips of persons wiser than ourselves, that he is but a dabbler in philosophy, and his metaphysical speculations need not be taken very seriously. For all Pirandello may say, I exist and you exist—in our own right, and not by favour of an author's imagination. Fortified by this reassurance, we can boldly say: Pirandello's effects depend on an intellectual trick. He does not invent ideas, he conjures with them. And of course nothing gets stale so quickly as sleight-of-hand that no longer deceives.

"The Naked Truth."

But Pirandello the dramatist and Pirandello the writer of short stories are two different people—indeed, their obvious lack of identity might furnish a theme for one of his own plays. Which is the real Pirandello? The title of his latest collection, "The Naked Truth," has an ironical ring: the author, we feel, will demonstrate some discrepancy between the truth and the naked truth. He will juggle with appearance and reality until we are unable to tell them apart. But no; these stories are innocent of prestidigitation. Ingenious they certainly are, and ironical and subtle and unexpected; but they are not conjuring tricks. Pirandello does not tamper with the accepted coin of thought. His characters are real people, drawn for the most part from the peasantry and *petite bourgeoisie* of Southern Italy and Sicily. They have odd ideas, some of them; for instance, the woman who wanted the parish priest to deliver her goat from the effects of the Evil Eye. Nearly all of them are sadly superstitious, and not, one feels, without reason; for they are the playthings of a peculiarly malicious and spiteful destiny. What could be crueller and more ironical than the fate of the poor workman who builds the wayside shrine? Pirandello has not outgrown his love of the horrible and the grotesque; nor can we acquit him of taking a certain pleasure in devising ingenious torments for his characters. But they are solid flesh-and-blood creatures, utterly different from the tenuous, thought-invoked figures in his plays.

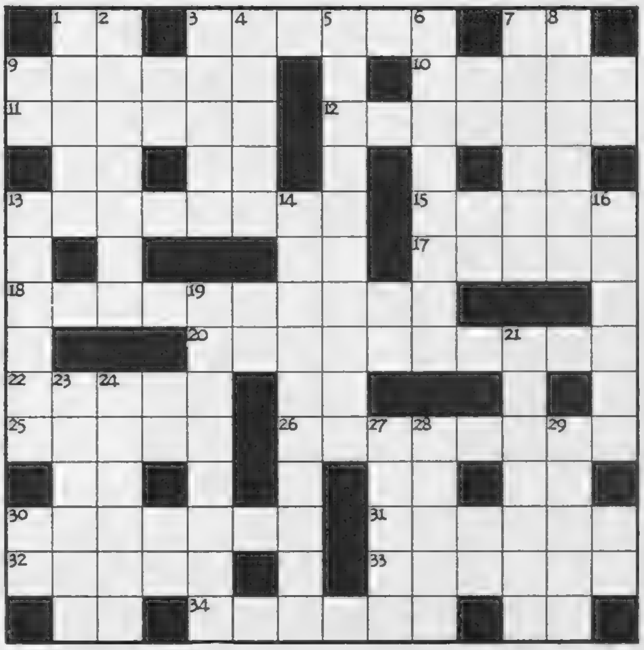
His most obvious literary ancestor is Maupassant. "The Annuity," in which an old man sells his farm for an annuity, and, surviving several intermediate owners, recovers it again; and "The Evil Spirit," with its succession of unlucky chances befalling an amiable, well-intentioned man—Maupassant would have delighted in the neatness, the malice, and the imaginative completeness of these stories. The wrapper compares Pirandello's art with Tchehov's, but this, I think, is a mistake, for Tchehov's plots are much less ingenious. In Tchehov's stories the characters are not, as a rule, controlled by an outside destiny. Their acts are predetermined by their natures; whether for good or ill, they are almost incapable of reacting to circumstances. In Pirandello's stories, on the other hand, Chance rules supreme. Neli would have married and lived happily ever after if he had not been bitten by the glanders-infected fly. Had Pirandello written a play on the theme of "The Three Sisters," they would have gone to Moscow instead of staying at home and wishing they could go; but in Moscow they would probably have encountered experiences so disagreeable they would have been sorry they went. Like so many writers from Greek times onwards, Pirandello conceives Destiny as being jealous of human happiness and determined to defeat it. Such a point of view is alien to Tchehov, who clearly thinks that most human beings are, of their nature, incapable of happiness. Perhaps this is one of the main distinctions between the Latin temperament and the Slav.

"General Buntop's Miracle."

Mr. Martin Armstrong is another very able exponent of the art of the short story. "General Buntop's Miracle" might have had as its sub-title "Twilight and Daylight," or some other phrase suggesting the two divisions into which his stories fall. "Presence of Mind" is a fantasy reminiscent of Pirandello the dramatist: Reality plays the strangest tricks on poor Mr. Pellett, and he was lucky to escape with a whole skin. The business about the lawn-mower is *sur-réaliste* in conception—a new departure for Mr. Armstrong, but he manages it as though to the manner born. "Mrs. Vaudrey's Journey" is fantastic and horrible, and "The Pipe-Smoker" is a little masterpiece in this *genre*. But on the whole I prefer the daylight stories. "Mrs. Noah's Ark" tells how the long-suffering husband of a famous woman novelist voiced his grievances against her in the form of a fictitious dream: it is charmingly done. "Drink, Pretty Creature" is a pleasant and original little sketch of the enchanting effect of mild intoxication on a pretty young woman. "Fizz" is longer and more elaborate, but equally successful; the bringing together of the two incompatible couples makes a delicious comedy, an admirable commentary on the poet's observation, "so vanish friendships only made in wine." Mr. Armstrong's range is wider than that of most short-story writers. The supernatural, the horrible, the tragic, the hilarious—he presses them all into his service. But his Muse is most

[*Continued on page* VIII.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

3. You usually find these lying one on top of another, but they get busy just before Easter.
9. This is one way of succeeding, so leave it alone and it 'll come home like Bo-Peep's sheep!
10. You could soon have *him* taped, however clever he may be!
11. "Baa, baa, white sheep!" (The key is E minor.)
12. It always means to elevate, so no blame should be attached to it.
13. These are provided for fast traffic; slower-moving animals come on behind.
15. Say "Pah!" (or "Bah!"). The second expresses it in another way.
17. This comes with a rush, so give it a start and then give it its head!
18. Furniture for the face.
20. This gets "top mention" for strength.
22. Very nearly one in the eye. Curiously enough, if it had had something in front of it, it would have come in first.
25. Diana changed into a nymph.
26. Better take some dope before the dance. You may get it in the neck yet, if the weather doesn't get warmer.
30. Parsees don't really look like this: it 's merely slander.
31. Give it a twist and you can make a little beast sit for an artist.
32. They sometimes go west at Michaelmas, but the horses take the opposite direction.
33. Ruins: a chance for the rabbits to come in at last!
34. When 'e 's 'alf off 'is dot 'e becomes difficult, poor old chap!

DOWN.

1. Since men *will* go the wrong way, I have to act in opposition.
2. It 's nonsense splitting up the money; it ought to be barred.
3. You may spend time on them this Easter—in your shirt-sleeves, no doubt!
4. 'Owever bitter they may be, they look sweet on the 'ead.
5. Queer stain! Does it affect the verdict, No, only the rider.
6. There seems to be grass in it, but it 's really floating seaweed.
7. His age is deceptive. The little dancing-girl shows that.
8. This is the natural result, so don't say it 's cold on the Downs.
13. And don't say this is an Austin Seven! You might put your foot in it!
14. It 's all very fleeting, but it soon shows which way the wind blows, and you will then be on the scent.
16. The landlord has *learnt* to expect it.
19. Red-robed? No, only round the edges.
21. One way of getting out of it is to find the lady before you get to Jerusalem.
23. If you get as far as the sea, it will make you feel sick.
24. You 'll need more than one on the nose, young fellah!
27. If the company turns tail before the dog, you can make it all happen.
28. Injury due to wind in the past.
29. You 'll need only half your resolution to back one.

NOTE.—Two-letter spaces are regarded as unchecked letters, and clues are not given.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Tuesday morning next, April 3, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left-hand corner of page VI) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

The "night-cap"

The last ten minutes—to dwell on a hundred varied impressions—to taste once more, in a final drink, all the life and sparkle of a perfect evening.

Schweppes

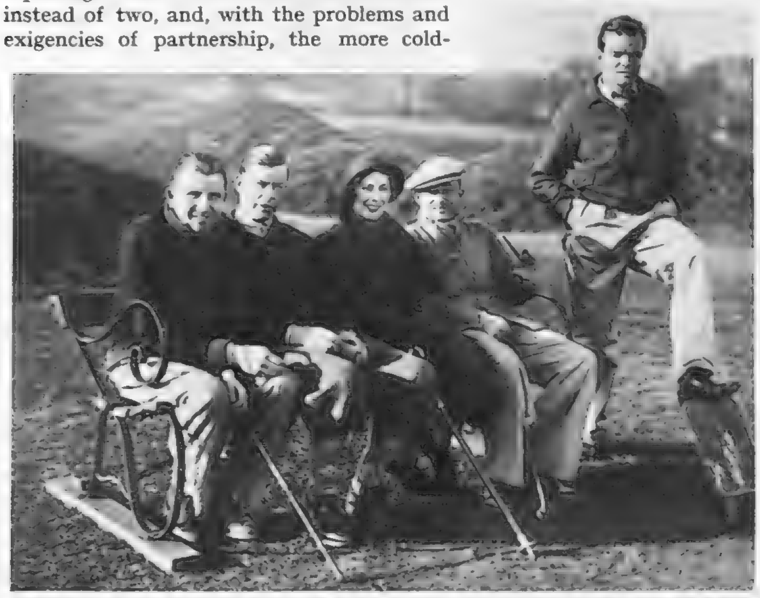
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

The Antlers of Royal Mid-Surrey.

This year there was quite an old-time atmosphere when the Antlers of Royal Mid-Surrey were so worthily won by H. S. Malik and G. H. Hill, for many golfers of earlier generations, in London either for the Calcutta Cup match or the Boat Race, jumped at the opportunity of seeing a good entry of accomplished players engaged in the not too common medal foursomes. There is no doubt that this form of golf adds interest, at any rate for the spectator, to medal play. In each "pairing" there are four men to watch instead of two, and, with the problems and exigencies of partnership, the more cold-



MR. WALLERS, MR. ILLINGWORTH, MRS. STOREY, MR. E. F. STOREY, and MR. CHARLES SWEENY are here seen waiting at the ninth hole in the contest for the Antlers of Mid-Surrey. The Antlers, it may be recalled, were presented to Mid-Surrey by H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught and were first played for last year. The board on which they are mounted has space for the names of the winners. Last year the winners were T. F. D. Law and P. W. L. Risdon.

blooded and calculating form of golf is invested with "human interest." For most who took part, the meeting was a pleasant relaxation on the eve of sterner things, and for players and spectators it was a thoroughly enjoyable day.

Two Fine Performances.

There was any amount of "interest" during the day, and two outstanding returns, the afternoon 73 of the winners and the morning 71 of the runners-up, Captain H. C. C. Tippet and R. Rutherford. Fine — I had almost said inspired — putting set the seal on each of these fine rounds, for the greens had not properly woken out of their winter sleep. Yet it is surely remarkable how little truly-hit putts are affected by surfaces that in these sybaritic days are deemed rough; witness Alan Dailey's performance last year at Roehampton. Nor is it less noticeable that it is only those whose sense of touch has on the occasion been wanting who draw attention to the irregularities and difficulties of the greens. A welcome sign to me was that the pace of play seemed much faster than usual. Certainly it was a cold day, but I do think golfers as a whole are now quicker in their methods. John Morrison, the Sunningdale captain, and "Vic" Longstaffe, who, with P. B. M. Wallace and R. A. R. McGill (fresh from Rye), opened the proceedings, were round in two hours "dead." There's pace!

These Fancied Couples.

There were three strong couples, each of which had their supporters. They—the couples—were Rex and Lister Hartley, Tony Torrance and Denys Kyle, and "Duggie" Grant and Lionel Munn. Things somehow would not go right for the Scots couple; the two Hartleys found the six-foot putts would not drop; and Grant, who knows every inch of Royal Mid-Surrey, and Munn (I wonder if Lionel without his fore-and-aft cap would be like Samson shorn of his locks ?) slipped four vital strokes in the two rounds. But none of them advanced any excuses. I have, I think, mentioned that Rex Hartley has been undergoing treatment that is doing wonders with his weak shoulder. When the original damage was done he broke six ribs, and an adhesion formed under the collar-bone, which meant that a dislocation was always on the cards, and from the most trivial movement. Now the adhesion has been moved, and he can lift his arm above his head and twist it round behind it with all the grace of a ballerina. He can even bowl with an action as high as Colin Blythe's.

A Sporting Paradise.

It was very pleasant watching H. S. Malik playing; if possible, even more gracefully and certainly more compactly than in the days when he represented Oxford. It was as pleasant chatting with him afterwards of old times, and of golf in India. I asked him about Gulmarg, in Kashmir, where there are two fine golf courses. He told me they were both excellent, the High Course especially, where the hazards are nullahs and a stream that has to be crossed and recrossed frequently in the round. I was never able to visit this paradise within a paradise while in India. Like the child who longed to roll down to Rio, I shall try to visit Gulmarg before I die. No course, surely, can have so wonderful a setting. But Gulmarg is blessed in other things besides golf and scenery. There the fortunate sojourner can play cricket and polo in ideal conditions, and enjoy mahseer and trout fishing, the best of varied shooting, with winter sports and climbing if he has an urge to seek the "high places." What a goal for a holiday, if ever ways and means return!

MR. H. S. MALIK, the Indian player, a former Oxford Blue, and his partner, MR. G. H. HILL, won the Antlers of Mid-Surrey with the aggregate score of 153. Their two rounds were 80 and 73 respectively.

The Best Cleek Player.

Just before leaving Richmond I met an old and experienced golfer, T. A. Crombie, to whom I have referred before, either in *The Sketch* or elsewhere. He it was who, with my father, was the first to follow John Low's advice to get a set of graded and numbered iron clubs. They were forged by little Condie, of undying memory, stamped with the rose, and supplied to my friend by Youds, then of Chislehurst, and now professional and club-maker to the Royal Liverpool Club at Hoylake. As was to be expected, we talked of old days, and in the talking discussed the cleek, of which Cyril Tolley and Michael Scott are the only great votaries to-day. Crombie told me that he fancied Roger Wethered had described Harry Vardon as the greatest cleek player of all time, but that J. H. Taylor gave James Braid as his choice. I have seen both these masters, but for sheer grace and almost uncanny accuracy, from whatever kind of lie, would give the palm to Davie Ayton, the famous St. Andrews caddie and golfer, now, I hope, plying his vocation on other Elysian Fields. With his long, narrow-bladed club, he proved conclusively that golf is art.

The HARTLEY BROTHERS—REX and W. LISTER (r.)—played together in the competition for the Antlers of Mid-Surrey. They were second in the School Prize contest for Old Boys Societies with 158. It was won by the Winchester pair, Major Thorburn and Mr. G. W. Loveday. The Hartleys represented Westminster in this section, and played for the Royal and Ancient in the Antlers Tournament.

The same evening I met Lieut.-Colonel Hugh Ross, just down from East Lothian, who told me the famous Tantallon Club at North Berwick had taken a new lease of life. That is good hearing, for in the Golden Age Tantallon and Royal Liverpool, each with its tale of champions, engaged in the club match of the year. May the meeting be revived!

ORIGINAL MODELS are no longer only for those women who have time to go to Paris. In Harvey Nichols' Model Gown Department you'll find beautiful French originals that are often a whole season ahead of the mode! What is more, these same models can be copied by our own clever dressmakers to fit and suit you perfectly, and at a very reasonable cost.

Agnès Drécoll

THIS beautiful two-piece by Agnès Drécoll, is made of biscuit romaine collared with deep, flattering fox. The coat is loose. The dress, bias cut, and extremely slim fitting, has raglan-set sleeves emphasised with buttonholed punching, which also spreads fanwise across the back. We can copy this model to fit you exactly for 25 gns.

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MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

PASS-STORMING WITH A SUNBEAM.

SOMEHOW or other, every run I have ever made in a Sunbeam has been an adventure. I have driven cars of this make over the sleeper tracks of a stores depot in Archangel; I have held one from skidding off the narrow, icy roads of Northern Sweden in the depths of a bitter winter; I have bumped one over the pot-holed main roads of Poland; and been buried in one in a Roumanian snowdrift. In such conditions, a kind of affection is formed for a car, not unlike the love of a trooper for his horse. In my case, I have acquired a tremendous respect for all Sunbeam productions, based on my intimate knowledge of their sterling worth and the way they go on improving as they cover more mileage and are driven harder.

This snapshot shows a SUNBEAM on Park Rash, the famous 1-in-4 test hill in Yorkshire. The hairpin bend in the distance should be noted. The Sunbeam negotiated this dreaded ascent without the slightest trouble.

A few days ago I was asked to try the latest Sunbeam "Twenty" saloon-de-luxe. Quite by chance, the dates fixed for the trial run happened to fit in with that of a "hill-hunting expedition" on which I had promised to take some friends. So after business hours one afternoon we set off up the Great North Road, our head-lamps cutting a white path through the darkness. Our first objective was Park Rash, rising out of the village of Kettlewell, buried among the Yorkshire moors. This hill, until a few years ago, was considered almost unclimbable by car, even by the hardy Northerners who lived at its foot. It has a gradient of 1 in 4 on an acute hairpin bend, a surface normally composed of loose stones, and, being approached by a sharp right-hand turn, it is impossible to "rush" it. As we drove up the deserted valley towards the hill we were running over virgin snow, without a single footprint or wheel-track to mar its purity. The sun shone dazzlingly from a cloudless sky, and an exhilarating nor'-wester whipped the snow into a kind of spray that blew across our bonnet.

So good is the weight distribution of the Sunbeam that we got never a trace of wheel-spin, even when climbing the 1-in-4 portion in the snow. When, at long last, we reached the distant summit, the snow lay in deep drifts, and for safety's sake we fitted chains to all four wheels for the steep and winding descent. For twelve miles we had not seen a house, nor any trace of life on the thick carpet of snow. Down once again in Wensleydale the roads were dry, and we sped along the winding road with the bare, rocky slopes of the moors rising on each side. Through Sedburgh, Kendal, and Windermere, and we took the lovely road along by the lakes to Ambleside and on by the side of Rydal Water, Grasmere, and Thirlmere to Keswick. It was a gloriously sunny morning, and the breeze whipped the surface of Derwentwater into "white horses." We lunched well at Keswick before setting off over the steep and narrow Newlands Hause to Buttermere.

Except for the last steep pitch at the summit, the Sunbeam never needed bottom gear, and the brakes held reassuringly on the steep descent on the western side. Honister Pass is an awe-inspiring ascent. For a couple of miles one follows Gatesgarthdale Beck, the dark mass of Honister Crag towering overhead. Then the road, growing rougher and more stony every yard, crosses and recrosses the beck by primitive bridges and steepens to 1 in 3½ before the slate quarries at the summit. As on Park Rash, the Sunbeam climbed Honister Pass without a suspicion of wheel-spin, had ample power in hand even with four large men on board, and remained perfectly cool. Then we ran into a blizzard and zig-zagged down the toll-road, for the main highway from Borrowdale has been allowed to fall into such a state of disrepair that it is practically impassable, and motorists are forced to pay 2s. 6d. to use the good (and less steep) private road.

I had to be back in London at noon the following day, so after tea we took the main road to Penrith. Night was falling, and the 2847-ft. summit of the Saddleback rose, sombre and majestic, on our left. The car was running more easily now that the speedometer was registering over 600 miles, and we made good progress to Greta Bridge. Here we enjoyed dinner before continuing through the clear, cold night down the Great North Road. The Sunbeam put its best wheel foremost, covering the 94 miles to Barnby Moor in the excellent time of 2 hr. 3 min. Next morning, the "running-in" still further increased, we went from Retford to Hendon Central, a distance of 138 miles, in 2 hr. 54 min., an average speed of 47½ m.p.h. This performance is all the more remarkable in that the maximum speed of the car, in its new condition, was little more than 60 m.p.h., and speaks well for the excellent acceleration, road-holding, and general handling of this model.

Even a dog knows a good car! The animal's expression of admiration as it looks at this SUNBEAM SPEED MODEL is a proof of canine intelligence.

Perhaps the outstanding feature of the Sunbeam "Twenty" is the comfort which it affords. The springing is really excellent, and the interior of the roomy body can only be described as luxurious. The clutch and four-speed gear-box are of normal type, with synchronised third and top gears for easy changing. It is not, however, the "fool-proof" type of synchro-mesh, as it is possible to make a bad change through attempting to change up or down too hurriedly. In considering the performance of the car, it should be realised that it has a six-cylinder engine of only 2194-c.c. capacity, taxed at £19, although the wheelbase measures 10 ft. and the track is full width. Everything about the Sunbeam is a first-class engineering job, and the cost of the saloon-de-luxe, with in-built luggage container fitted with two suit-cases, and lavish equipment, is £775. The chassis only is priced at £475.

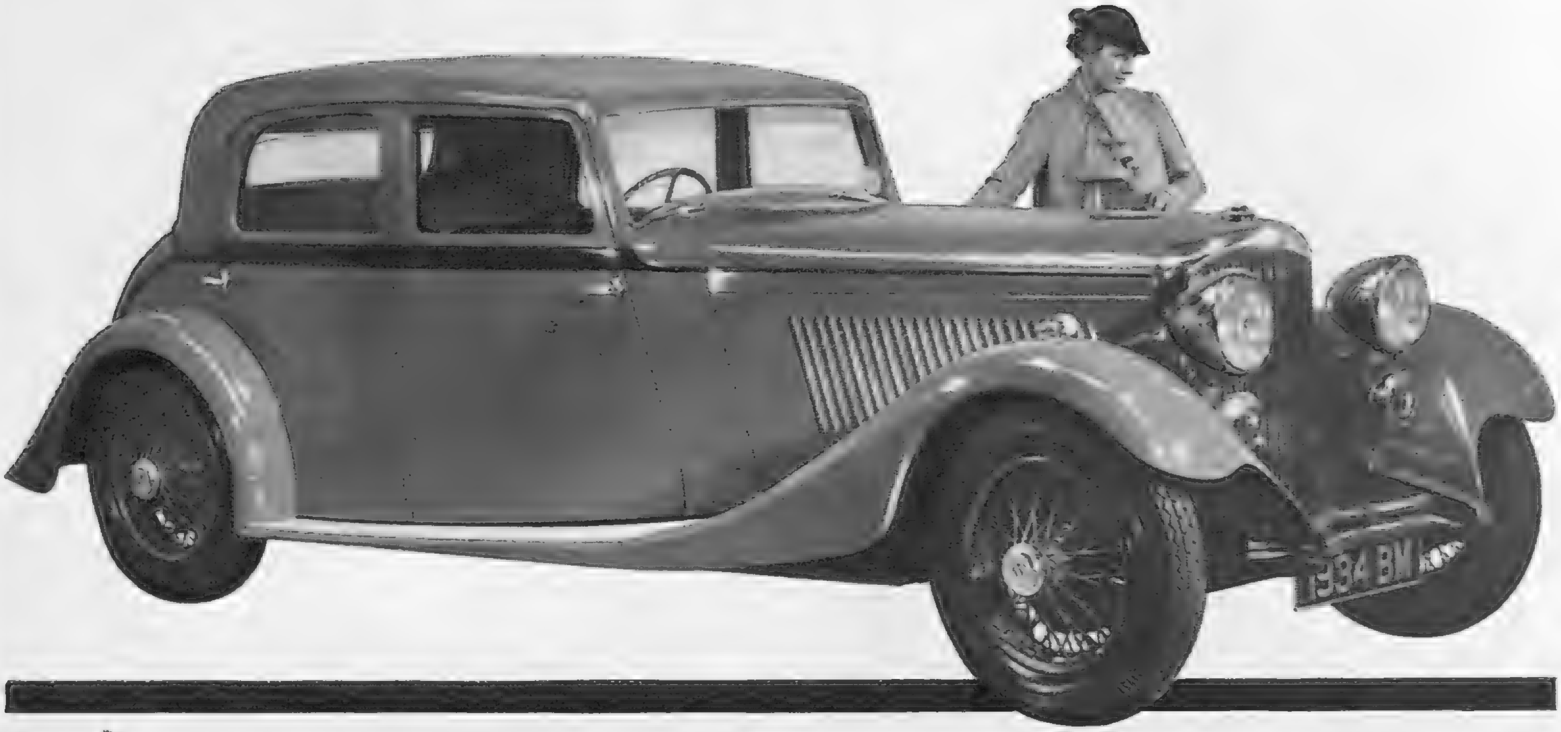
The New 3½ Litre

BENTLEY

The Silent Sports Car

The New Bentley is the most amazing proposition which has ever fallen to my lot to handle

—Sir Malcolm Campbell in the *Field*



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The supreme comfort of "Float on-Air" is obtained by the cushion of air moulding itself to the form of the user, giving complete gentle support at every point of contact, whilst eliminating hard spots, rolling, road shocks and vibration.

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	EACH SEAT CUSHION Front	Rear
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Every model of every car can be converted to "Float-on-Air" at prices proportionate to size of seat, using the existing upholstery without alterations in shape, size or material.

DAVID MOSELEY AND SONS LIMITED
ARDWICK MANCHESTER 12

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"HAVE to be so jolly careful what you say. I'm afraid to open my mouth——"

"Then why open it?"

"In order that you might hear occasional words of wisdom, my son."

"With the accent on the 'occasional'? Anything going on?"

Our Stroller instinctively looked round the markets, as though they could supply the answer. It happened to be one of those patchy days in the Stock Exchange, very usual at holiday seasons, when activity is intermittent, and the actual amount of interest is difficult to gauge.

There may be five or ten million pounds of stock changing hands in the Consol Market, and that within less than half an hour, with never an indication of big business being about. There may be no more than a thousand Courtaulds changing hands, and yet with such a noise over it as would suggest widely-distributed business in ten times as many shares.

Bidding—at the precise market price—enlivened the oil share list. A few of the industrials were called a little better. Yon, the roof rang with alternate bids for, and offers of, Gold Coast Selection Trusts.

"Marvellous market, these G.C.S.," remarked a broker to his authorised clerk, the pair of them standing on the eastern side of the Kaffir Circus.

"I sold mine, Sir," the young fellow answered, "when I saw ten shillings a share profit. Couldn't resist it, you know."

"You mustn't mind that. It was the proper policy. If I'd gone on those lines all my life, and if I had cut small losses, I should have retired long before this."

"Lucky for me, Sir, that you went for more than the nimble ninepence——"

"And failed to get it. You need never blame yourself for taking a ten-bob profit on speculative stuff. Heard anything to-day?"

(It is curious to notice how sharp a division of opinion on this point prevails in the City. Men will argue about it quite seriously.)

Our Stroller was waiting with keen interest for the reply, but a high soprano bid for Chartered shares, and the American problem went unsolved.

"Thousand a year?" he overheard. "Well, you require a capital of about forty thousand pounds to give you as much as that. I mean if you want the money to be in War Loan, or any gilt-edged stocks that pay $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money."

"Which a good many don't."

"Work it out for yourself. Three pounds ten, less income-tax at five shillings in the pound, equals"—he scribbled the figures in his jobbing-book—"two-twelve-six per cent nett. Multiply that by forty thousand pounds, and see what you make it."

"Eleven hundred and fifty pounds."

"Eleven? Here, let's look . . . you're a hundred out. It comes to a thousand and fifty pounds a year. Can't keep many yachts and hunters and salmon-streams on that, you know."

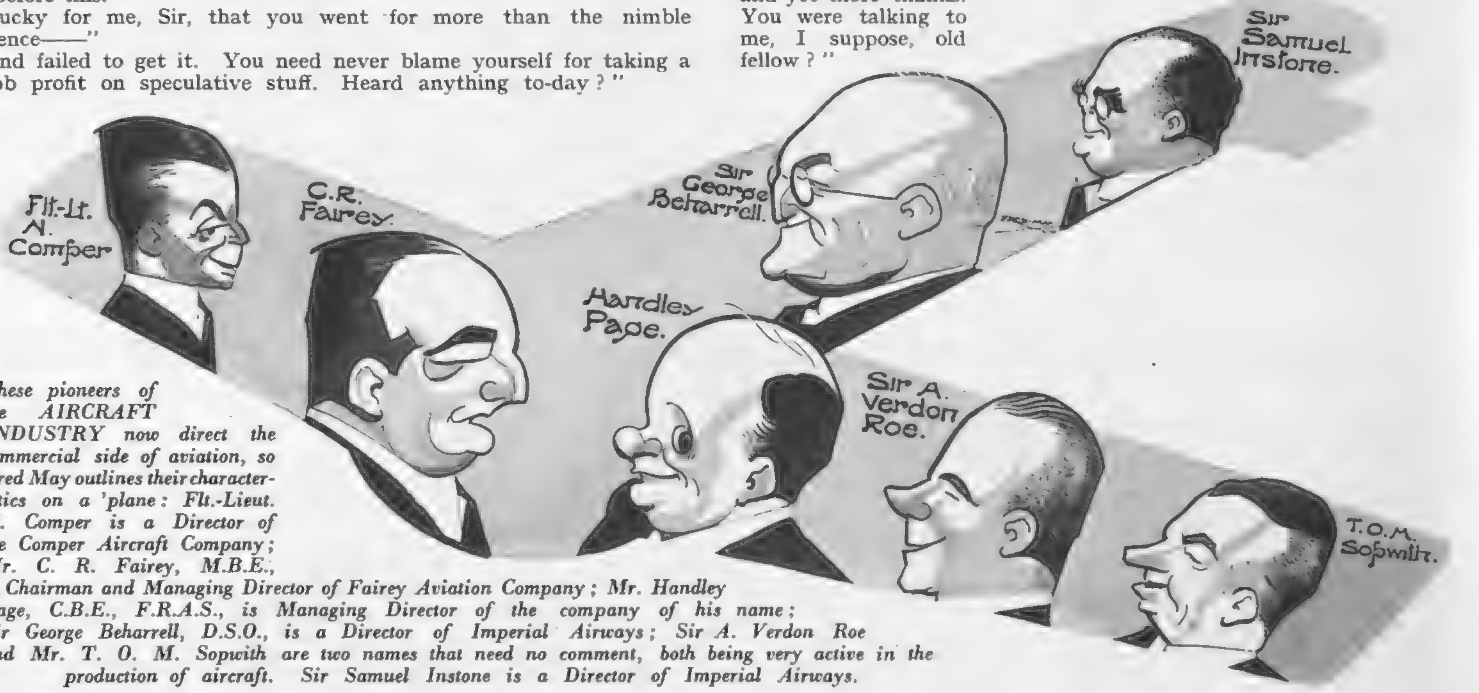
"Forty thousand sounds a lot to get only a thousand a year out of, especially if you make provision for death-duties and so on. But income-tax is coming down."

"So they say. I suppose we shall get sixpence off. If we do, what difference will that make? About thirty-five pounds a year more income on your forty thousand pounds. What's the use of that, eh?"

Our Stroller propped himself up against the newly-lighted stand in the Rhodesian Market, and began checking the calculations. He found that, on this basis, a thousand pounds produced ten shillings a week.

"If money brings in so little income," said he to himself, "why not use it for the greater satisfaction that the spending of it gives you?"

"Thanks, and thanks and yet more thanks. You were talking to me, I suppose, old fellow?"



These pioneers of the AIRCRAFT INDUSTRY now direct the commercial side of aviation, so Fred May outlines their characteristics on a 'plane: Flt.-Lieut. N. Comper is a Director of the Comper Aircraft Company; Mr. C. R. Fairey, M.B.E., is Chairman and Managing Director of Fairey Aviation Company; Mr. Handley Page, C.B.E., F.R.A.S., is Managing Director of the company of his name; Sir George Beharrell, D.S.O., is a Director of Imperial Airways; Sir A. Verdon Roe and Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith are two names that need no comment, both being very active in the production of aircraft. Sir Samuel Instone is a Director of Imperial Airways.

"They tell me to buy back my Gold Coast Selection Trusts"; the authorised clerk did his best to refrain from smiling.

"Maybe it's right. You see what happened in East Rand Consols. The Cape bought 'em at fifteen shillings, sold them at eighteen; bought them back at a guinea, let them go at the three, and romped in again at a quarter. I speak in figures, of course, but that is what has been happening."

The young man nodded his head: "I hear that Simmer and Jack are good to have. The man who gave me the tip said there was half a crown in them. He's a man who goes about the West End crowd quite a lot——"

The broker looked a trifle sceptical. "Rather a dangerous source to go for Kaffir tips," he commented. "All the same, I think you're right this time. Go gently, if you put anyone into them."

"What is your own idea?" asked Our Stroller, and was immediately abashed by his own rashness. The broker had turned to speak to another man standing next him, and did not hear the question.

"H.E. Props ought to be better," the dealer said. "Not much of a market: that's the worst of them."

"The Kaffir Market is as good as any in the House, to my way of thinking," declared another jobber. "And I don't care who hears me say so."

"Why should you care? It makes no difference to anybody." The speaker adroitly eluded a straight left, and sidestepped into the Johnny Market.

"Why the devil can't Roosevelt leave things alone!" exclaimed a broker, with humorous exasperation. "If only he would let matters take their own course——"

"Oh, be fair! Roosevelt has been President for only about a year, and things are very much better now than they were when he took office."

"So they would have been without his becoming President. He happened to blow in at the moment when everything was getting on to a firmer base, and now we talk as though the improvement is all due to him."

"Be fair, I tell you. Nobody says the difference is 'all' due to him. But the prices of metals and commodities are up; business in the States is brisker; there's a feeling of greater confidence. Roosevelt's entitled to the credit for some of this, surely?"

"I must have been thinking aloud," Our Stroller explained.

"Ah; then, I take it you're not married. No; don't apologise. Yes, John? East Rand Consols? Right! Many shares?" and off he bustled to check the price.

"Well, you can afford it, so why worry about the expense? A breath of fresh air is what we all want, and Easter gives you the chance. Take my tip and get away; there are heaps of places holding out their arms to you."

"How about yourself? Going to stop at home to look after the spring cleaning, I suppose."

"My turn's coming. I found a very jolly cruise that starts at Whitsun——"

"These cruises seem to get more popular. I thought they would soon lose their attraction, but so far as I can make out from fellows in the House, everyone wants to go this year."

"Ought to be good for the shipping companies——"

"And other trades as well. You want clothes and all sorts of things if you go cruising."

"You want clothes even if you remain on land."

"Yes, confound it. Doesn't this spring weather show up the high lights in your old suits?"

As though in proof, a sudden burst of sunshine flooded the space below the Kaffir dome. However busy the House may be, its members have always a round of cheers ready to welcome the sunshine when it breaks upon them unexpectedly like this.

"Brick company shares—yes, they're all right," Our Stroller heard. "And breweries should keep good up to the Budget time."

"When is that?"

"April the Seventeenth, isn't it? Our Markets aren't too bad, you know."

"Too bad? I think they're wonderfully firm, all things considered."

"You're quite right. I think they can be trusted to keep good over the holiday, don't you? Ah, well"—and he sighed contentedly—"Waiter, is there a Bradshaw down here?"

Friday, March 23, 1934.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY

OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

A silver band which grips the head and ends in three graduated balls like ear-rings keeps on Worth's large Coollie hat made of wide interwoven strips of shiny black straw.

Maggy Rouff uses crescent-shaped clips of brilliants, which she places in pairs on evening corsages, at the back and front of the neck on afternoon dresses, or to hold in place some of her beautiful scarf draperies.

All dark dresses have touches of white about them. Heim uses white piqué bows on a black woollen suit, and Patou does a fluted collar of very fine white linen buttoned on to the dress by a flat, central panel.

Ruchings are seen less frequently than they were last summer, but when they appear they are gigantic! Lanvin likes them in black taffeta on evening coats, and they also weight the hem of some evening frocks.

Line has become so important to the modern woman that even her hair follows the backward movement that is so noticeable in her dress. It is worn longer and is swept softly back, revealing the shape of the head and clustering in tiny tendrils on the temples and round the ears. At the back it is waved upwards, and the ends are loosely curled. Nothing is allowed to create a false silhouette, and the hair is thinned out to emphasise the beauty of the skull. Only an artist can do this effectively—a fact which one realises when one visits Emile, of 24, Conduit Street, W., and sees there the perfect coiffures which they have created. Three are shown on this page. The one in the photograph achieves a supremely natural look, with its loose, deep waves, which give such breadth to the forehead. The other two show a coiffure arranged for the day and for the evening. Emile has a marvellous collection of bandeaux and diadems, which are sent over from Paris as soon as they are made. He also does beautiful halo plaits, which are slightly stiffened by a special process so that they can be kept in position without the slightest trouble.

A perfume as gay and fresh as a summer's day, Bronnley's "Blue Skies" has a haunting fragrance which, despite its delicacy, lasts indefinitely and never changes.

Here you see the very attractive blue-and-silver container in which "Blue Skies" is packed. As a gift—to yourself or to a friend—it would be difficult to find anything more delightful.

PERFUME—A GIFT OF THE GODS

Bronnley's "English Fern" series of soaps, bath salts, and dusting powder are as good to use as they are pleasant — and that is saying a great deal. They are also extremely beneficial.

It was Æone, one of the loveliest and most indiscreet of the nymphs of Venus, who (according to Greek mythology) first told men of the Immortals' us of perfumes, and ever since that day the love of sweet odours has been deeply rooted in the heart of every woman. Nor is it just a whim, for all perfumes have certain psychological effects, and all of them help in no small measure to express personality.

During the last few years, delicate bouquets and true flower-scents have been more popular than very heavy and exotic perfumes, and this is always particularly noticeable during the summer months, when anything but a natural fragrance is apt to be overpowering.

It is after years of experiment (and only those who have been through their laboratories can realise the amount of research involved) that Bronnley's have created their exclusive perfume, "Blue Skies." As gay, as fresh, and as lovely as a summer's day, it is quite irresistible, for both men and women yield to its charm. The miracle is that anything so ethereal can be so lasting—but miracles are commonplace in those rooms where the Bronnley alchemists blend their rare and precious essences. In attractively modern blue-and-silver cases, "Blue Skies" costs 20s., 9s., 6s., and 3s. a bottle, while bath cubes and powder are impregnated with the same perfume.

A visit to Bronnley's works is a real delight. Airiness, brightness, and a meticulous attention to detail are evident in every department. Hyper-modern mills transform soap-flakes into soft, creamy ribbons; agile fingers wield cellophane to form exquisitely pleated wrappings; and in the laboratory an incredible number of sweet-smelling ingredients are skilfully blended into every one of their products.

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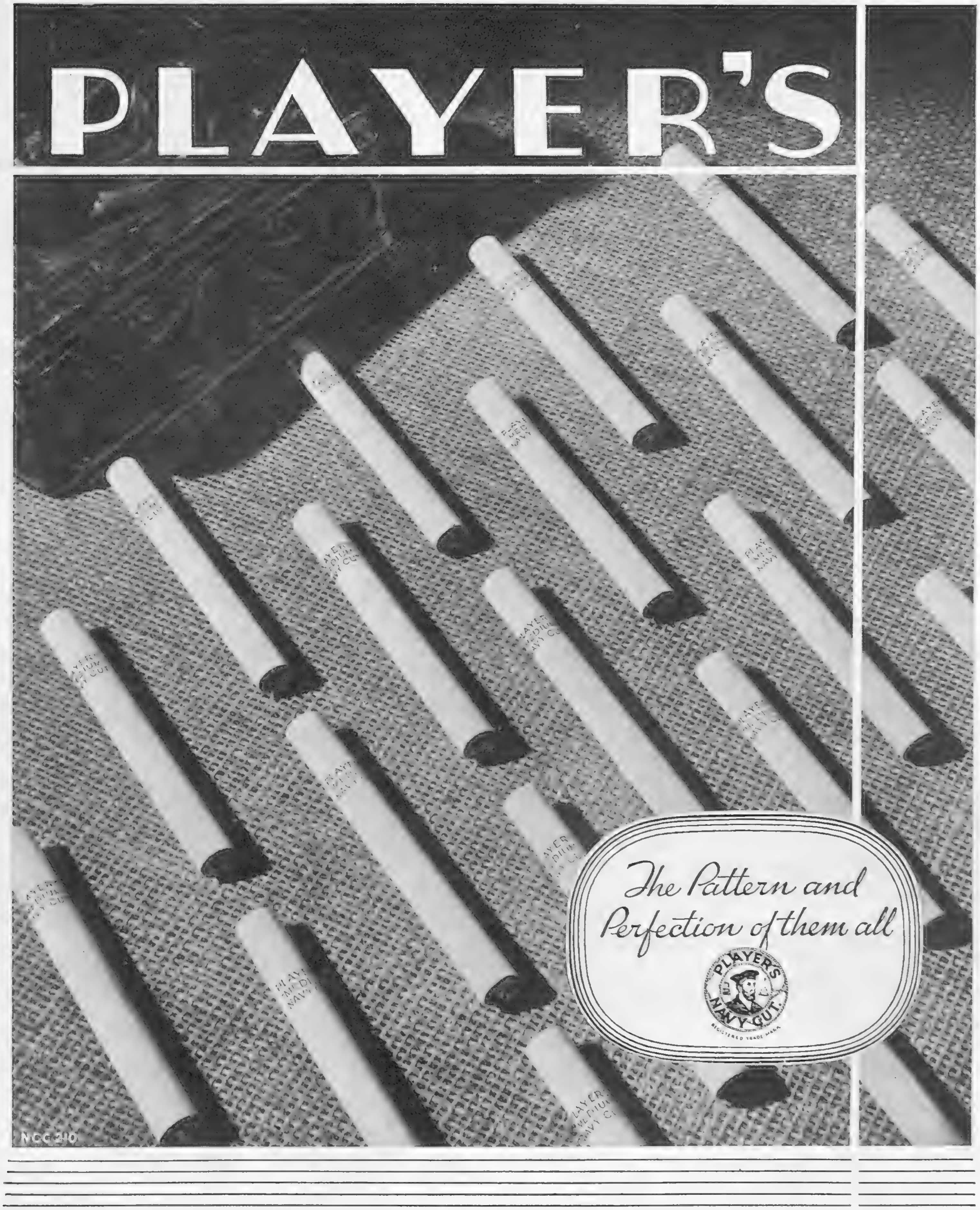

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(See Page 594.) 28/3/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DXLVII.

THE USE OF SYSTEMS AS GAME GETTERS!

SPADES—K, 5, 4.
HEARTS—K, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6.
CLUBS—2.
DIAMONDS—10, 9, 8.

B

Y———————————————Z

A

SPADES—A, 8, 7.
HEARTS—A, Q, Kn, 5.
CLUBS—K, Kn, 10, 9, 8, 7.
DIAMONDS—None.

I was A, dealer, on this occasion. I bid a club. B, two hearts! A, five hearts. B, six hearts. Z doubled. Note B bid the slam—not A! Now Z, to make things easy for my partner—an experienced and non-stop club player—led the ace of clubs and followed with a spade. It would be difficult to give Y and Z cards that would defeat the contract, yet we were two down, Z being allowed to make two ruffs in clubs, and the ace of clubs, which, of course, had to make. We were vulnerable, so the turnover on this slam affair amounted to over 2000 points. It is not fair to put it down at that amount, but the net loss was over 1000, thanks to loss of rubber and 500 penalty. You will think I am slam mad, *i.e.*, *anti*-slam mad; well, perhaps I am, and is it to be wondered at when I see such play made day after day?

As you all know, I, personally, have no use for systems; the only sound one, if system it can be called, is the "one over one"; but our club players won't have that honest, straightforward, commonsense method; they all prefer something deeper, more subtle, more mechanical. This being so, I pray of them to apply their system, whatever it may be, to *game* bidding, and to leave slam bidding to look after itself. Last week I tried to show how the two-club convention might be applied in this way, but the example was ill-chosen. The one-club may be better; in any event, the big idea is to visualise your hand as a game-winner only, and therefore to clear your mind of QUICK TRICK holding; quick tricks, honour tricks, sure tricks, aces and kings, in simple English, are necessary for slams—games are made without them! When you have a timid partner, and most partners are timid (perhaps this is why they don't play the "one over one"), then put up a forcing bid if you find yourself with a potential game winner. On either of the following type of hands, bid one club and *force* a reply from partner—

SPADES—K, 10, 9, x, x.	SPADES—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4.
HEARTS—A, x, x.	HEARTS—A.
CLUBS—Q, Kn, 10, x, x.	CLUBS—K, x, x, x.
DIAMONDS—None.	DIAMONDS—K.

No quick tricks here worth speaking of—but clearly great game possibilities; it would be a pity to pass, and a greater pity to bid "one" and be left with it.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, MARCH 21.

ACROSS.—3. Apiary. 9. Marine. 10. Evict. 11. Exegesis. 12. Annal. 13. Snotties. 14. Laces. 16. Lassitude. 18. Apiece. 21. Agreed. 22. Plaintiff. 25. Susan. 26. Muffling. 30. Thumb. 31. Allegory. 32. Mecca. 33. Dearth. 34. Latest.

DOWN.—1. Waxen. 2. Credo. 3. Anent. 4. Pestilent. 5. Assess. 6. Yearling. 7. Sinecure. 8. Scared. 13. Scalps. 15. Sea-dog. 17. Scaffolds. 19. Inasmuch. 20. Cannibal. 23. Luther. 24. Impact. 27. Fleet. 28. Ivory. 29. North.

MISS J. GRAHAM, The Limes, Harwell, Berks, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle published in our issue of March 14 to be first opened on Monday morning, March 19. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

All dog-owners will want the new "Dog Encyclopædia" which Messrs. Hutchinsons are publishing. It is coming out in about fifty sevenpenny weekly parts, and is full of the most attractive photographs, besides some coloured plates specially painted. Not only are the breeds of every country given, but full veterinary advice on their care and treatment by eminent authorities. It is well printed on fine paper, and is most suitable for binding.

One thing the new spring hats very definitely do—and that is to show the hair in such a way that it is imperative that it shall be beautifully dressed. The majority of them rest lightly on the top of the head, and clusters of curls across the back are the only solution to the problem of keeping on one of the forward-tilted models that need an elastic to anchor them! Actually there is no more attractive fashion, provided the curls are always kept scrupulously neat—an end that can be achieved only by reckless extravagance or a little care. Really it is extremely simple since "Kirbikurls" were made. They are sold, for a few coppers, on a card with complete directions, and they are extremely simple to manipulate. They belong to the same family as the well-known "Kirbigrips," and that is enough to assure anyone of their sterling merit.

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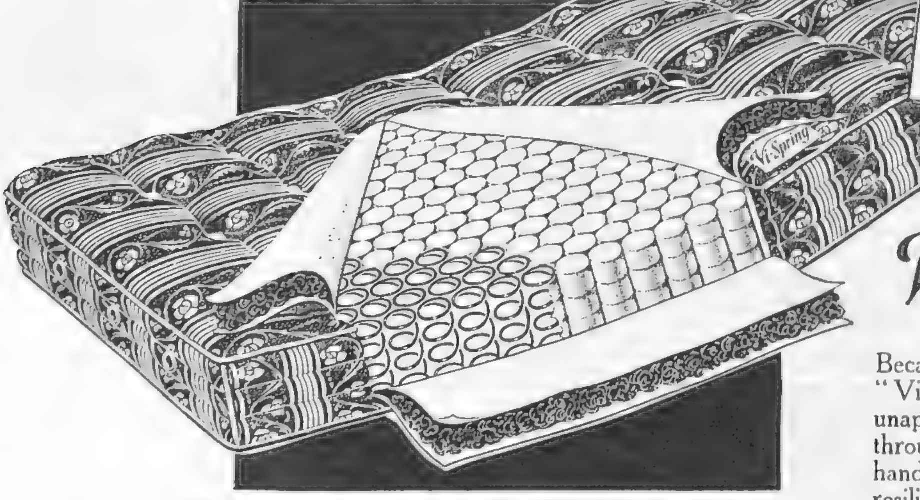

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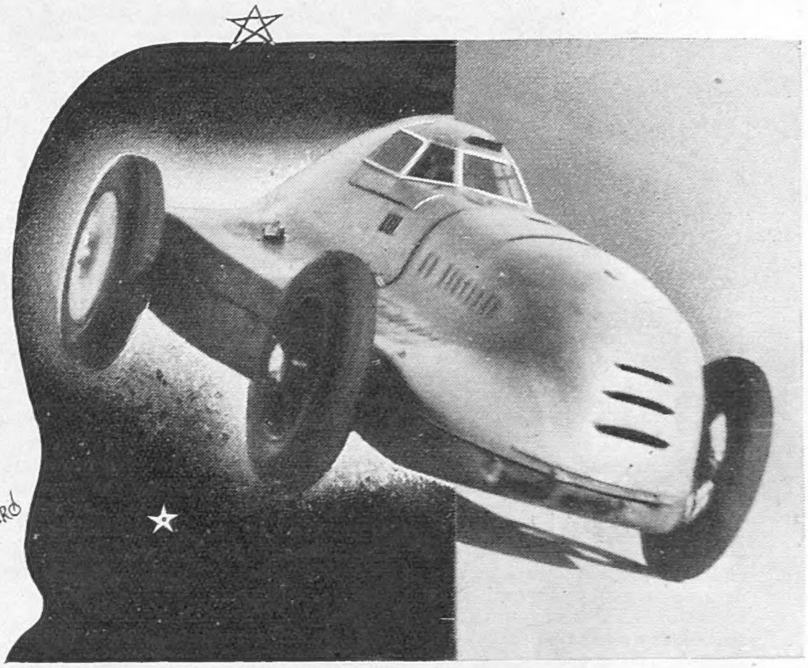

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.—*(Continued from Page 594.)*

at home when literally at home, by the domestic hearth. His excursions into other fields are like the holidays we take in the summer. Sometimes they are brilliantly successful; sometimes they leave us wishing we had not been so venturesome. But whether his standpoint is a softly-lighted drawing-room, or a window looking on the yard where a condemned prisoner takes his daily exercise; whether his imagination is feeding on its reserves or going abroad in search of new pastures, his standard of literary craftsmanship never falters. He is the least slovenly of writers; the plainest creation of his pen is always perfectly turned out.

"Truth is Not Sober." A less scrupulous artist, perhaps, than Mr. Armstrong, Miss Winifred Holtby is even more of an Admirable Crichton. The stories in "Truth is Not Sober" are divided into four categories—Satiric, Exotic, Bucolic, Domestic. The business of the critic is to find a common principle in an author's work. What can he do here, confronted by these various manifestations of Miss Holtby's supple, lively, and, above all, Protean talent? The action of her stories ranges from Eternity to a few minutes' conversation over a baby that is being given its bath. All is fish that comes to her net; and we get the impression (which is sometimes lacking in Mr. Armstrong's work) that the fish have swum in of their own accord; she has not tried to catch them. Unlike most novelists, particularly women novelists, Miss Holtby is passionately interested in what is going on in the world: she has her eye on the newspaper, only not only for gossip and fashions and crime, but for politics, social tendencies, disarmament, all the problems that vex and vivify the modern world. She writes plenty of stories about individuals and private lives, but—I think this is one of the common factors in her work—she uses the particular to illustrate the general. Nearly all her stories have a moral. Even "The Maternal Instinct," which comes under the heading "Domestic," is really a satirical comment on the kind of people who care nothing for the fact that Paraguay and Bolivia have been for years at war, since (being financially interested in armaments) their own income has been increased thereby, and the future of their precious infant made secure. At least half Miss Holtby's stories are allegories, even when they are concerned with such prosaic matters as the relationship between an author and his publisher. And, like most allegories, they are usually satirical in tone. Allegory is apt to be obscure; satire, when too vehement and reiterated, to be boring. Miss Holtby escapes these dangers, chiefly because she is so passionately interested in persons and things. She never allows the literary mode—allegorical or satirical—in which she happens to be writing, to get the upper hand.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Naked Truth. By Luigi Pirandello (*Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.*)
General Buntop's Miracle. By Martin Armstrong. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)
Truth is Not Sober. By Winifred Holtby. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St. James's). 8.30.—Comedy. Cedric Hardwicke, Edith Evans, Louise Hampton.

"TEN-MINUTE ALIBI" (Haymarket.) 8.30.—Thriller. Robert Douglas.

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME" (Queen's). 8.40.—Satirical comedy; with a marvellous part for Marie Tempest. (Closed Holy Week.)

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo). 8.30.—Variation on the "Constant Nymph" theme, to display Elisabeth Bergner.

"AFTERWARDS" (Whitehall). 8.30.—Walter Hackett's farce. Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, Gordon Harker.

"HERE'S HOW" (Saville). 8.30.—George Robey and June. Excellent dancing. U.S.A. humour.

"THE GOLDEN TOY" (Coliseum). 8.15.—Gorgeous Asiatic spectacle on a triple revolving stage.

"REUNION IN VIENNA" (Lyric). 8.30.—By Robert E. Sherwood; with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30.—Edmund Gwenn excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy.

"CONVERSATION PIECE" (His Majesty's). 8.30.—Printemps and Noel—a sparkling combination in Regency Brighton.

"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—Leslie Banks as the hero of some exciting incidents.

"MR. WHITTINGTON" (Hippodrome). 8.30.—Musical comedy with dandy Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, *et al.*

"THE COUNTRY WIFE" (Ambassadors). 8.30.—Wicked Restoration wit. Baliol Holloway; Lesley Wareing; Agnes Lauchlan.

"NURSE CAVELL" (Vaudeville). 8.30.—Nancy Price admirably cast in record of heroism perfectly produced.

"WITHOUT WITNESS" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Crime play with suspense sustained. Good acting. Nicholas Hannen.

"MAGNOLIA STREET" (Adelphi). 8.30.—Louis Golding's "best-seller" plus Komisarjevsky's stagecraft.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"CATHERINE THE GREAT" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., in a spectacular slice of Russian history.

"UNFINISHED SYMPHONY" (Curzon).—A Schubertian romance, pictorially and musically charming.

"EMPEROR JONES" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—Magnificent performance by Paul Robeson.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"BOLERO" (Carlton).—The career of a professional dancer, starring George Raft.

"LA ROBE ROUGE" (Academy).—Interesting adaptation of Brieux' famous play.

"THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY" (Tivoli).—An exciting British "thriller," with an all-star cast.

"ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN" (Tivoli).—Lee Tracy in typical vein.

"CAVALCADE OF THE MOVIES" (Short; Marble Arch Pavilion).—The history of the cinema over 7000 years.

"THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE" (Empire).—Jeanette Macdonald and Ramon Novarro reproduce Cochran's stage success.

"NO MORE WOMEN" (Plaza).—Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen.

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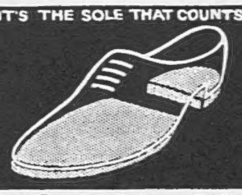

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Henry: "Well, one or two of my fillies have lost by a head, but that's just the luck of the game. Now, what odds will you give me against Katherine Parr, my latest filly, staying the course?"

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Henry: "Splendid. I am sure my wife will be most enthusiastic to hear that. I should like to wager a thousand pounds; will you accept?"

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